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SACRED SONGS FOR PUBLIC WORSHIP

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A Hymn and Tune Book

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EDITED BY

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M. J. SAVAGE AND HOWARD M. DOW ✓

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BOSTON

GEO. H. ELLIS, 141 FRANKLIN STREET

1883

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## P R E F A C E

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SO MANY Hymn and Tune Books are already before the public that perhaps one may be fairly expected to apologize for adding another to the growing list. The editor's original intention, as in the case of his *Hand Book*, was simply to prepare something for his own personal use. But this second venture, like the first, has grown beyond the original purpose. Under the urgency of the Standing Committee of his own church, and of representatives of other churches, who thought they also might care to use it, the editor has gone on to the completion of what is now offered to the public.

If anybody, besides the editor, shall care to adopt it, it must be because they are in substantial agreement with him as to what is desirable in a collection of hymns and tunes for the ordinary uses of Sunday worship. It is fitting then that he should briefly indicate the principles by which he has been guided.

1. It was determined that the book should be small. In eight years' ministry with the Church of the Unity, it was found that less than sixty hymns of the American Unitarian Association collection had been used. There seemed no adequate reason for continuing to pick those less than sixty out of a collection of eight hundred.

2. The editor desired, for his own use, hymns touching on some new topics, and many old topics in new ways, such as he did not find in any one previous collection. He has attempted to meet this want by selections from many various sources, and by considerable original contributions of his own. He does not claim any complete success in this

direction ; nor does he mean to set up his book as a standard by which others are to be criticised or condemned. He does hope, however, to supply his own want better in this way.

3. As to music, it was determined that every tune should be familiar. Whatever may be possible in some cases, it is generally found to be impracticable to get congregations to practise and learn new music. But, however often it is sung, people will always greet a familiar tune with all the enthusiasm of old acquaintance. They thus join heartily in the service. And so the one end of congregational singing is attained. Enough variety may always be secured through the contributions of the choir.

The test of familiarity, then, has been rigidly applied, with the exception of a few original pieces written to accompany some special original songs.

4. It was found that a topical arrangement of the hymns would necessitate their separation from the tunes with which it was thought best to wed them. It was determined, therefore, that convenience for singing should take precedence. The order of the hymns then has been determined by the music ; and so, in every case, the hymn and its tune will be found at the same opening.

But the topical index of first lines will make it very easy to find any hymn, on any subject, that the book contains.

5. The editor was urged, by some advisers, to include in his book some forms of congregational service. But it is his opinion that these, when desired, may be as conveniently comprised in a volume by themselves.

6. It seems desirable that a word should be said concerning the doctrinal implications of hymns. It is said that, on a certain occasion, Dr. Bellows was with an English gentleman at a service in King's Chapel. After looking over the revised Service Book, the Englishman, turning to the doctor, remarked, "Ah, I see you Unitarians use the

Prayer Book, *diluted*." Dr. Bellows replied, "Oh, no! not *diluted*; *washed*!"

The editor ventures to suggest that our Unitarian Hymn Books have not usually been *washed* enough. He would also say, in all humility, that, in making up this book, he has tried to be always mindful of an ancient command, apparently many times overlooked,—"*Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and him only shalt thou serve.*" With all his reverence for Jesus, he cannot think that either good logic or true piety can permit a consistent Unitarian to offer to the Man of Nazareth that worship — either prayer or hymn — which he himself always taught his disciples, both by precept and example, should be given to God alone.

7. If any one should think that the editor has included too large a proportion of his own composition, he stands ready with a threefold reply:—

(1) He pleads guilty.

(2) He suggests his original intention,—to make a book merely for his own use.

(3) He would remind the objector that enough for all practical purposes may be found, though all of his own composition are passed by.

M. J. S.

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Awake, my soul ; stretch every nerve . . . . .	49	Onward, onward though the region . . . . .	140
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Be true to every inmost thought . . . . .	54	O Star of Truth, down shining . . . . .	171
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All are architects of fate . . . . .	125	From all that dwell below the skies . . . . .	45
All around us, fair with flowers . . . . .	142	From heart to heart, from creed to creed . . . . .	65
All as God wills! who wisely heeds . . . . .	77	From lips divine, like healing balm . . . . .	96
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**Sacred Songs for Public Worship.**



**I***Hymn of Autumn*

O LORD of seasons! unto thee  
Our hymn with grateful heart we raise  
For all thy gifts, so rich and free,  
That crown these sweet autumnal days.

By thy dear love, the lap of spring  
Was heaped with many a blooming  
flower,  
And smiling summer joyed to bring  
The sunshine and the gentle shower.

And autumn pours her riches now  
Of ripening grain and bursting shell;  
And golden sheaf and laden bough  
The fulness of thy bounty tell.

Beneath blue skies, the fragrant breeze  
O'er rustling, fallen leaves doth blow;  
In gold and purple robed, the trees  
The fulness of thy beauty show.

*Anon***2***A Harvest Song*

ONCE more the liberal year laughs out  
O'er richer stores than gems or gold;  
Once more with harvest-song and shout  
Is Nature's bloodless triumph told.

O favors every year made new!  
O blessings with the sunshine sent!  
The bounty overruns our due;  
The fulness shames our discontent.

We shut our eyes, the flowers bloom on;  
We murmur, but the corn-ears fill;  
We choose the shadow, but the sun  
That casts it shines behind us still.

Now let these altars, wreathed with  
flowers  
And piled with fruits, awake again  
Thanksgiving for the golden hours,  
The early and the latter rain!

*J. G. Whittier*



3

*Organizing a Church*

WHAT purpose burns within our hearts  
That we together here should stand,  
Pledging each other mutual vows,  
And ready hand to join in hand?

We see in vision fair a time  
When evil shall have passed away;  
And thus we dedicate our lives  
To hasten on that blessed day; —

To seek the truth whate'er it be,  
To follow it where'er it leads,  
To turn to facts our dreams of good,  
And coin our lives in loving deeds.

For this, we organize to-day;  
To such a church of God we bring  
Our utmost love and loyalty,  
And make our souls an offering.

M. J. S.

4

*Faith above Creed*

THE waves unbuild the wasting shore;  
Where mountains towered, the billows  
sweep,  
Yet still their borrowed spoils restore,  
And raise new empires from the deep.

So, while the floods of thought lay waste  
The old domain of chartered creeds,  
Its heaven-appointed tides will haste  
To shape new homes for human needs.

Be ours to mark with hearts unbilled  
The change an outworn age deplores;  
The legend sinks, but faith shall build  
A fairer throne on new-found shores.

The star shall glow in western skies  
That shone o'er Bethlehem's hallowed  
shrine,  
And once again the temple rise  
That crowned the rock of Palestine.

Not when the wondering shepherds  
bowed  
Did angels sing their latest song,  
Nor yet to Israel's kneeling crowd  
Did heaven's one sacred dome belong.

Let priest and prophet have their  
dues,—  
The Levite counts but half a man,  
Whose proud salvation of the Jews  
Shuts out the Good Samaritan!

Though scattered far, the flock may  
stray:  
His own the Shepherd still shall claim,—  
The saints who never learned to pray,  
The friends who never spoke his name.

Dear Master, while we hear thy voice  
That says, "The truth shall make you  
free,"

Thy servants still by loving choice,  
Oh, keep us faithful unto thee!

*Oliver Wendell Holmes*

## 5 *Ordaining a Minister*

Who is he fit to teach and guide  
Those who are seeking out the way  
That, through the darkness of their life,  
Leads up to God's eternal day?

He who with loyalty to truth  
When she moves forward turns not back;  
Who shrinks not though the way be hard,  
And shapes of danger throng his track;

Whose heart with tenderness can melt;  
Who knows the weaknesses of men;  
Who will not quench the smoking flax,  
But kindle to a flame again;

He who is patient of delay:  
Who knoweth both to work and wait,  
That God's time never comes too soon,  
And, while he waits, 'tis never late.

*M. J. S.*

## 6 *The Advancing God*

In darker days and nights of storm,  
Men knew God but to fear his form;  
And in the reddest lightnings saw  
His arm avenge insulted law.

In brighter days, we read his love  
In flowers beneath, in stars above;  
And in the track of every storm  
Behold his cheering rainbow form.

E'en in the reddest lightning's path,  
We see no vestiges of wrath;  
But always wisdom, perfect love,  
From flowers below to stars above.

See, from on high sweet influence rains  
On palace, cottage, mountains, plains!  
No hour of wrath shall mortals fear,  
While true parental love is here.

*Theodore Parker*

## 7 *God is Good*

Our God is good: in earth and sky,  
From ocean-depths and spreading wood,  
Ten thousand voices seem to cry,  
"God made us all, and God is good."

The sun that keeps his trackless way,  
And downward pours his golden flood,  
Night's sparkling hosts, all seem to say,  
In accents clear, that God is good.

I hear it in the rushing breeze:  
The hills that have for ages stood,  
The echoing sky and roaring seas,  
All swell the chorus, "God is good."

Yea, God is good, all nature says,  
By God's own hand with speech endued;  
And man, in louder notes of praise,  
Should sing for joy that God is good.

*John Hampden Gurney*



8

*God with Us*

O God, whose presence glows in all  
 Within, around us, and above!  
 Thy word we bless, thy name we call,  
 Whose word is Truth, whose name is  
 Love.

That truth be with the heart believed  
 Of all who seek this sacred place;  
 With power proclaimed, in peace re-  
 ceived,—  
 Our spirit's light, thy spirit's grace.

That love its holy influence pour,  
 To keep us meek and make us free,  
 And throw its binding blessing more  
 Round each with all, and all with thee.

Send down its angel to our side,  
 Send in its calm upon the breast;  
 For we would know no other guide,  
 And we can need no other rest.

*N. L. Frothingham*

9

*God Incomprehensible*

GREAT God, in vain man's narrow view  
 Attempts to look thy nature through:  
 Our laboring powers with reverence own  
 Thy glories never can be known.

Not the high seraph's mighty thought,  
 Who countless years his God has sought,  
 Such wondrous height or depth can find,  
 Or fully trace thy boundless mind.

And yet, thy kindness deigns to show  
 Enough for mortal minds to know;  
 While wisdom, goodness, power divine  
 Through all thy works and conduct  
 shine.

Oh, may our souls with rapture trace  
 Thy works of nature and of grace,  
 Explore thy sacred truth, and still  
 Press on to know and do thy will!

*Kippis*

## 10

### *Natural Religion*

WHERE ancient forests widely spread,  
Where bends the cataract's ocean-fall,  
On the lone mountain's silent head,  
There are thy temples, God of all!

Beneath the dark blue midnight arch,  
Whence myriad suns pour down their  
rays, [march,  
Where planets trace their ceaseless  
Father! we worship as we gaze.

All space is holy, for all space  
Is filled by thee; but human thought  
Burns clearer in some chosen place  
Where thy own works of love are taught.

Here be they taught! and may we know  
That trust thy servants knew of old,  
Which onward bears through weal or  
woe,  
Till deeper, fuller life unfold.

A. Norton

## II

### *The Presence*

MYSTERIOUS Presence, Source of all,—  
The world without, the soul within,—  
Fountain of Life, oh, hear our call,  
And pour thy living waters in!

Thou breathest in the rushing wind,  
Thy spirit stirs in leaf and flower;  
Nor wilt thou from the willing mind  
Withhold thy light and love and power.

Thy hand unseen to accents clear  
Awoke the Psalmist's trembling lyre,  
And touched the lips of holy seer  
With flame from thine own altar-fire.

That touch divine still, Lord, impart;  
Still give the prophet's burning word;  
And vocal in each waiting heart  
Let living psalms of praise be heard.

*S. C. Beach*

## 12

## Another Day

O GOD, I thank thee for each sight  
Of beauty that thy hand doth give,—  
For sunny skies and air and light ;  
O God, I thank thee that I live!

That life I consecrate to thee;  
And ever, as the day is born,  
On wings of joy my soul would flee,  
And thank thee for another morn,—

Another day in which to cast  
Some silent deed of love abroad,  
That, greatening as it journeys past,  
May do some earnest work for God ;

Another day to do, to dare,  
To tax anew my growing strength,  
To arm my soul with faith and prayer,  
And so reach heaven and thee at length.

*Mrs. C. A. Mason*

## 13

### *Retirement and Meditation*

MY God, permit me not to be  
A stranger to myself and thee:  
Amidst a thousand thoughts I rove,  
Forgetful of my highest love.

Why should my passions mix with earth,  
And thus debase my heavenly birth?  
Why should I cleave to things below,  
And [thus my nobler life forego]?

Call me away from flesh and sense,—  
One sovereign word can draw me thence:  
I would obey the voice divine,  
And all inferior joys resign.

Be earth, with all her scenes, withdrawn;  
Let noise and vanity be gone.  
In secret silence of the mind,  
My heaven, and there my God, I find.

Watts



**I4**

*The House of God*

Lo, God is here! let us adore  
And humbly bow before his face;  
Let all within us feel his power,  
Let all within us seek his grace.

Lo, God is here! him day and night  
United choirs of angels sing;  
To him, enthroned above all height,  
Heaven's host their noblest homage  
bring.

Being of beings! may our praise  
Thy courts with grateful fragrance fill;  
Still may we stand before thy face,  
Still hear and do thy sovereign will.

*Salisbury Coll.*

**I5**

*The Sacrifice of the Heart*

WHEN, as returns this solemn day,  
Man comes to meet his Maker, God,  
What rites, what honors, shall he pay?  
How spread his Sovereign's praise  
abroad?

From marble domes and gilded spires  
Shall curling clouds of incense rise,  
And gems and gold and garlands deck  
The costly pomp of sacrifice?

Vain, sinful man! creation's Lord  
Thy golden offerings well may spare;  
But give thy heart, and thou shalt find  
Here dwells a God who heareth prayer.

*Mrs. Barbauld*

**I6**

*Eternity of God*

ERE mountains reared their forms sub-  
lime,  
Or heaven and earth in order stood;  
Before the birth of ancient time;  
From everlasting,—thou art God.

A thousand ages in their flight  
With thee are as a fleeting day:  
Past, present, future, to thy sight  
At once their various scenes display.

But our brief life's a shadowy dream,  
A passing thought that soon is o'er;  
That fades with morning's earliest  
beam,  
And fills the musing mind no more.

To us, O Lord! the wisdom give  
Each passing moment so to spend  
That we at length with thee may live  
Where life and bliss shall never end.

*Spirit of the Psalms*



MAY I resolve with all my heart,  
With all my powers to serve the Lord;  
Nor from his precepts e'er depart,  
Whose service is a rich reward!

Be this the purpose of the soul,  
My solemn, my determined choice,—  
To yield to his supreme control,  
And in his kind commands rejoice.

Oh, may I never faint nor tire,  
Nor, wandering, leave his sacred ways!  
Great God, accept my soul's desire,  
And give me strength to live thy praise.

*Anne Steele*

WHAT secret place, what distant star,  
O Lord of all, is thine abode?  
Why dwellest thou from us so far?  
We yearn for thee, thou hidden God.

And not in vain we seek, we yearn;  
We need not stretch our weary wings:  
Thou meetest us where'er we turn;  
Thou dwellest, Lord, within all things.

O Glory that no eye can bear!  
O Presence bright, our inward guest!  
O farthest off, most closely near,  
Most hidden and most manifest!

No need, in search of thine abode,  
Through starry spheres our thoughts  
should roam,  
Thou, Holy Spirit, mighty God,  
Dost make in human hearts thy home!

*T. H. Gill*

MY gracious God, I own thy right  
To every service I can pay;  
And call it my supreme delight  
To hear thy dictates, and obey.

What is my being but for thee,  
Its sure support, its noblest end,—  
Thy ever smiling face to see,  
And serve the cause of such a friend?

Thy work my feeble age shall bless,  
When youthful vigor is no more;  
And my last hour of life confess  
Thy love hath animating power.

*Doddridge*

Assist us, Lord, to act, to be  
What nature and thy laws decree,  
Worthy that intellectual flame  
Which from thy breathing Spirit came.

Our moral freedom to maintain,  
Bid passion serve and reason reign,  
Self-poised, and independent still  
On this world's varying good or ill.

May our expanded souls disclaim  
The narrow view, the selfish aim;  
But with a [world-wide love] embrace  
Whate'er is friendly to our race.

O Father! grace and virtue grant;  
No more we wish, no more we want:  
To know, to serve thee, and to love,  
Is peace below,—is bliss above.

*Henry Moore*



## 21

*A Prayer for Faith*

I ASK not wealth, but power to take  
And use the things I have aright ;  
Not years, but wisdom that shall make  
My life a profit and delight.

I ask not that for me the plan  
Of good and ill be set aside,  
But that the common lot of man  
Be nobly borne and glorified.

I know I may not always keep  
My steps in places green and sweet,  
Nor find the pathway of the deep  
A path of safety to my feet ;

But pray that, when the tempest's breath  
Shall fiercely sweep my way about,  
I make not shipwreck of my faith  
In the unfathomed sea of doubt.

*Elim*

## 22

*The Hope of Man*

THE past is dark with sin and shame,  
The future dim with doubt and fear ;  
But, Father, yet we praise thy name,  
Whose guardian love is always near.

For man has striven, ages long,  
With faltering steps to come to thee ;  
And, in each purpose high and strong,  
The influence of thy grace could see.

He could not breathe an earnest prayer,  
But thou wast kinder than he dreamed,  
As age by age brought hopes more fair,  
And nearer still thy kingdom seemed.

But never rose within his breast  
A trust so calm and deep as now :  
Shall not the weary find a rest ?  
Father, Preserver, answer thou !

*T. W. Higginson*

## 23 *An Independent and Happy Life*

How HAPPY is he, born or taught,  
Who serveth not another's will;  
Whose armor is his honest thought,  
And simple truth his highest skill;

Whose passions not his masters are;  
Whose soul is still prepared for death,  
Not tied unto the world with care  
Of prince's ear or vulgar breath;

Who God doth late and early pray  
More of his grace than goods to lend;  
And walks with man, from day to day,  
As with a brother and a friend,—

This man is freed from servile bands  
Of hope to rise or fear to fall;  
Lord of himself, though not of lands,  
And, having nothing, yet hath all.

*Sir Henry Wotton*

## 24 *Winter*

'Tis winter now; the fallen snow  
Has left the heavens all coldly clear;  
Through leafless boughs the sharp winds  
blow,  
And all the earth lies dead and drear.

And yet God's love is not withdrawn;  
His life within the keen air breathes,  
His beauty paints the crimson dawn  
And clothes the boughs with glittering  
wreaths.

And tho' abroad the sharp winds blow,  
And skies are chill and frosts are keen,  
Home closer draws her circle now,  
And warmer glows her light within.

O God, who giv'st the winter's cold  
As well as summer's joyous rays,  
Us warmly in thy love enfold,  
And keep us through life's wintry days.

*S. Longfellow*

## 25 *The Mother's Hymn*

LORD, who ordainest for mankind  
Benignant toils and tender cares,  
We thank thee for the ties that bind  
The mother to the child she bears.

We thank thee for the hopes that rise  
Within her heart as, day by day,  
The dawning soul from those young eyes  
Looks with a clearer, steadier ray.

And, grateful for the blessing given,  
With that dear infant on her knee,  
She trains the eye to look to heaven,  
The voice to lip a prayer to thee.

All-gracious! grant to those who bear  
A mother's charge the strength and light  
To guide the feet that own their care  
In ways of love and truth and right.

*Bryant*

## 26 *Vesper Hymn*

AGAIN, as evening's shadow falls,  
We gather in these hallowed walls;  
And vesper hymn and vesper prayer  
Rise mingling on the holy air.

May struggling hearts that seek release  
Here find the rest of God's own peace;  
And, strengthened here by hymn and  
prayer,  
Lay down the burden and the care!

O God, our light! to thee we bow;  
Within all shadows standest thou:  
Give deeper calm than night can bring,  
Give sweeter songs than lips can sing.

Life's tumult we must meet again;  
We cannot at the shrine remain;  
But, in the spirit's secret cell,  
May hymn and prayer forever dwell!

*S. Longfellow*



27

*Greeting*

O LIFE that maketh all things new,—  
The blooming earth, the thoughts of  
men!

Our pilgrim feet, wet with thy dew,  
In gladness hither turn again.

From hand to hand the greeting flows,  
From eye to eye the signals run,  
From heart to heart the bright hope  
glows:

The seekers of the Light are one,—

One in the freedom of the truth,  
One in the joy of paths untrod,  
One in the soul's perennial youth,  
One in the larger thought of God,—

The freer step, the fuller breath,  
The wide horizon's grander view,  
The sense of life that knows no death,  
The Life that maketh all things new.

*S. Longfellow*

28

*The Love of God*

O SOURCE divine and Life of all,  
The Fount of being's wondrous sea!  
Thy depth would every heart appall  
That saw not love supreme in thee.

We shrink before thy vast abyss,  
Where worlds on worlds unnumbered  
brood:

We know thee truly but in this,—  
That thou bestowest all our good.

And so, 'mid boundless time and space,  
Oh, grant us still in thee to dwell,  
And through the ceaseless web to trace  
Thy presence working all things well!

Bestow on every joyous thrill  
A deeper tone of reverent awe;  
Make pure thy children's erring will,  
And teach their hearts to love thy law

*John Sterling*

HE liveth long who liveth well :  
 All else is being flung away.  
 He liveth longest who can tell  
 Of true things truly done each day.

Be wise, and use thy wisdom well :  
 Who wisdom speaks must live it, too.  
 He is the wisest who can tell  
 How first he lived, then spake, the true.

Sow truth, if thou the true would'st  
 reap :

Who sows the false shall reap the vain ;  
 Erect and sound thy conscience keep ;  
 From hollow words and deeds refrain.

Sow love, and taste its fruitage pure ;  
 Sow peace, and reap its harvest bright ;  
 Sow sunbeams on the rock and moor,  
 And find a harvest home of light.

*Bonar*

THE very blossoms of our life,  
 The treasures that no wealth could buy,  
 We freely bring them here to-day  
 And give them up to thee, Most High.

Not, as in olden times, to death,  
 To hermit life, or darksome days ;  
 But unto beauty, goodness, truth,  
 To all high thoughts and noble ways.

To find and serve thee in the world,  
 By seeking truth and helping men,—  
 To this we consecrate them now,  
 And day by day will o'er again.

Thus do we keep them while we give,  
 And make them still of nobler worth.  
 When all the world is given thus,  
 Heav'n will indeed have come on earth.

*M. J. S.*

WHEN up to nightly skies we gaze,  
 Where stars pursue their endless ways,  
 We think we see from earth's low clod  
 The wide and shining home of God.

But, could we rise to moon or sun,  
 Or path where planets duly run,  
 Still, heaven would spread above us far,  
 And earth remote would seem a star.

This earth, with all its dust and tears,  
 Is his, no less than yonder spheres ;  
 And rain-drops weak and grains of sand  
 Are stamped by his immediate hand.

The rock, the wave, the little flower,—  
 All fed by streams of living power  
 That spring from one almighty will,—  
 Whate'er his thought conceives fulfil.

We view those halls of painted air,  
 And own thy presence makes them fair ;  
 But nearer still to thee, O Lord,  
 Is he whose thoughts with thine accord.

*Sterling*



### 32 “Why seek ye the Living among the Dead”

Ah! why should bitter tears be shed  
In sorrow o’er the mounded sod,  
When verily there are no dead  
Of all the children of our God?

They who are lost to outward sense  
Have but flung off their robes of clay,  
And, clothed in heavenly radiance,  
Attend us on our lowly way.

And oft their spirits breathe in ours  
The hope and strength and love of theirs,  
Which bloom as bloom the early flowers  
In breath of summer’s viewless airs.

Let living Faith serenely pour  
Her sunlight on our pathway dim,  
And Death can have no terrors more;  
But holy joy shall walk with him.

G. S. Burleigh

### 33 *Very Near*

Oh, sometimes comes to soul and sense  
The feeling which is evidence  
That very near about us lies  
The realm of spirit-mysteries.

The low and dark horizon lifts,  
To light the scenic terror shifts;  
The breath of a diviner air  
Blows down the answer of a prayer.

Then all our sorrow, pain, and doubt  
A great compassion clasps about;  
And law and goodness, love and force,  
Are wedded fast beyond divorce.

Then, Duty leaves to Love its task,  
The beggar Self forgets to ask;  
We feel, as flowers the sun and dew,  
The One True Life our own renew.

J. G. Whittier

ABIDE not in the realm of dreams,  
O man, however fair it seems;  
But with clear eye the present scan,  
And hear the call of God and man.

Think not in sleep to fold thy hands,  
Forgetful of thy Lord's commands :  
From duty's claims no life is free,—  
Behold, to-day hath need of thee !

While the day lingers, do thy best.  
Full soon the night will bring its rest ;  
And, duty done, that rest shall be  
Full of beatitudes to thee.

*William H. Burleigh*

WHAT is that goal of human hope,  
That heaven, where every soul is blest ?  
'Tis light for those who darkly grope ;  
To weary ones, 'tis perfect rest ;

To young and eager souls, a place  
Where high deeds may be grandly  
wrought ;  
To those who mourn some absent face,  
'Tis where the lost ones may be sought.

It is a land where each may find  
That which in vain he sought for here ;  
Where every element is kind,  
And summer reigns the live-long year.

Is there a country such as this ?  
Some glad day thou shalt know, O soul !  
Hope whispers of the perfect bliss,  
And points her finger toward the goal.

*M. J. S.*

LIKE shadows gliding o'er the plain,  
Or clouds that roll successive on,  
Man's busy generations pass ; [gone.  
And, while we gaze, their forms are

O Father, in whose mighty hand  
The boundless years and ages lie,  
Teach us thy boon of life to prize,  
And use the moments as they fly ;

To crowd the narrow span of life  
With wise designs and virtuous deeds :  
So shall we wake from death's dark night  
To share the glory that succeeds.

*J. Taylor*

God giveth quietness at last !  
The common way once more is passed  
From pleading tears and lingerings fond  
To fuller life and love beyond.

Fold the rapt soul in your embrace,  
Dear ones familiar with the place !  
While to the gentle greetings there,  
We answer here with murmured prayer.

O silent land to which we move !  
Enough if there alone be love,  
And mortal need can ne'er outgrow  
What it is waiting to bestow !

O pure soul ! from that far-off shore  
Float some sweet song the waters o'er :  
Our faith confirm, our fears dispel,  
With the dear voice we loved so well !

*John G. Whittier*



38

*Blessed are they that mourn*

DEEM not that they are blest alone,  
Whose days a peaceful tenor keep :  
The God who loves our race has shown  
A blessing for the eyes that weep.

The light of smiles shall fill again  
The lids that overflow with tears,  
And weary hours of woe and pain  
Are earnest of serener years.

Oh, there are days of hope and rest  
For every dark and troubled night!  
And grief may bide, an evening guest;  
But joy shall come with early light.

And thou who o'er thy friend's low bier  
Dost shed the bitter drops like rain,  
Hope that a brighter, happier sphere  
Will give him to thy arms again.

*Bryant*

39

*The Better Land*

THERE is a land mine eye hath seen  
In visions of enraptured thought,  
So bright that all which spreads between  
Is with its radiant glory fraught ;

A land upon whose blissful shore  
There rests no shadow, falls no stain ;  
There those who meet shall part no  
more,  
And those long parted meet again.

Its skies are not like earthly skies,  
With varying hues of shade and light :  
It hath no need of suns to rise,  
To dissipate the gloom of night.

There sweeps no desolating wind  
Across that calm, serene abode :  
The wanderer there a home may find  
Within the paradise of God.

*Anon*



Now is the seed-time ; God alone,  
Beyond our vision weak and dim,  
Beholds the end of what is sown :  
The harvest-time is hid with him.

Yet unforgotten where it lies,  
Though seeming on the desert cast,  
The seed of gen'rous sacrifice  
Shall rise with bloom and fruit, at last.

And he who blesses most is blest ;  
For God and man shall own his worth  
Who toils to leave as his bequest  
An added beauty on the earth.

*J. G. Whittier*

#### 41 *The Righteous blessed in Death*

How BLESSED the righteous when he  
dies !

When sinks a weary soul to rest,  
How mildly beam the closing eyes,  
How gently heaves the expiring breast !

So fades a summer cloud away,  
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er,  
So gently shuts the eye of day,  
So dies a wave along the shore.

A holy quiet reigns around,  
A calm which life nor death destroys.  
Nothing disturbs that peace profound  
Which his unfettered soul enjoys.

Farewell, conflicting hopes and fears,  
Where lights and shades alternate dwell :  
How bright th' unchanging morn ap-  
pears !

Farewell, inconstant world, farewell.

Life's duty done, as sinks the clay,  
Light from its load the spirit flies ;  
While heaven and earth combine to say,  
"How blessed the righteous when he  
dies !"

*Mrs. Barbauld*

#### 42 *The Beauty of the World.*

THEY call the world a dreary place,  
And tell long tales of sin and woe,  
As if there were no blessed trace  
Of sunshine to be found below.

They point, when autumn winds  
[wail by],

To falling leaves and withered flowers ;  
But shall we mourn them [when they  
die],

And never note their brilliant hours ?

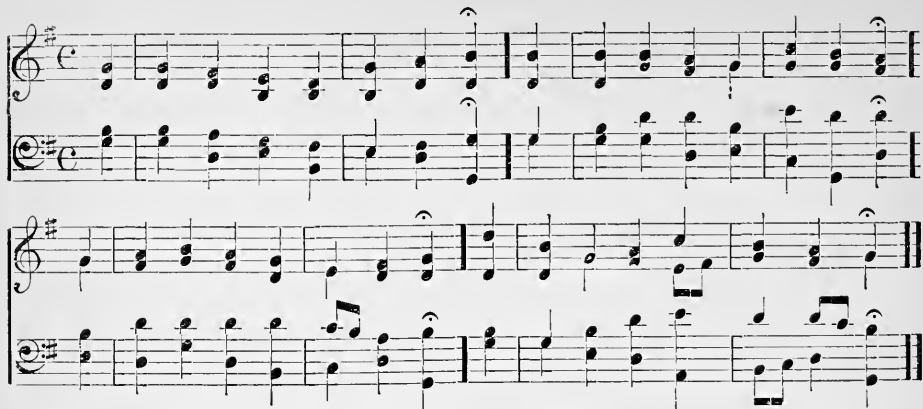
They mark the rainbow's fading light,  
And say it is the type of man,—  
"So passeth he" ; but, oh, how bright  
The transient glory of the span !

They liken life unto the stream  
That swift and shallow pours along ;  
But beauty marks the rippling gleam,  
And music fills the bubbling song.

Oh, why should our own hands [thus  
twine]

Dark chaplets from the cypress tree ?  
Why in each gloomy spot repine,  
When further on sweet buds may be ?

*Eliza Cook*



43

*Doxology*

Now, as the parting hour is nigh,  
In our last song, with glad refrain,  
To God on earth and in the sky  
We lift both voice and heart again.

Soon may that blessed morn arise  
When, o'er the earth, from east to west,  
Thy light shall flood the earth and skies,  
And all mankind in thee be blest!

M. J. S.

44

*Doxology*

Be thou, O God, exalted high;  
And, as thy glory fills the sky,  
So let it be on earth displayed,  
Till thou art here, as there, obeyed.

*Guillaume Franck*

45

*Praise*

From all that dwell below the skies,  
Let the Creator's praise arise;  
Let [love and righteousness] be sung  
Through every land by every tongue.

Eternal are thy mercies, Lord;  
Eternal truth attends thy word:  
Thy praise shall sound from shore to  
shore,  
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

*Watts*

46

*The Opening Year*

GREAT God, we sing that mighty hand  
By which supported still we stand:  
The opening year thy mercy shows;  
Thy mercy crown it till it close!

By day, by night, at home, abroad,  
Still we are guarded by our God;  
By his incessant bounty fed,  
By his unerring counsel led.

With grateful hearts the past we own;  
The future, all to us unknown,  
We to thy guardian care commit,  
And peaceful leave before thy feet.

In scenes exalted or depressed,  
Be thou our joy and thou our rest:  
Thy goodness all our hopes shall raise,  
Adored through all our changing days.

*Doddridge*



47 *The Law of Love*

MAKE channels for the streams of love,  
Where they may broadly run;  
And love has overflowing founts  
To fill them every one.

But if, at any time, we cease  
Such channels to provide,  
The very founts of love for us  
Will soon be parched and dried.

For we must share, if we would keep,  
That blessing from above:  
Ceasing to give, we cease to have,—  
Such is the law of love.

*R. C. Trench*

48 *Working with God*

WORKMAN of God, oh, lose not heart,  
But learn what God is like!  
And, in the darkest battle-field,  
Thou shalt know where to strike.

Oh, blest is he who can divine  
Where real right doth lie,  
And dares to take the side that seems  
Wrong to man's blindfold eye.

Oh, learn to scorn the praise of men!  
Oh, learn to lose with God!  
For Jesus won the world through shame,  
And beckons thee his road.  
*Frederic W. Faber*

49 *The Race of Life*

AWAKE, my soul; stretch every nerve,  
And press with vigor on:  
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,  
And an immortal crown.

A cloud of witnesses around  
Hold thee in full survey:  
Forget the steps already trod,  
And onward urge thy way.

'Tis God's all-animating voice  
That calls thee from on high;  
'Tis his own hand presents the prize  
To thine aspiring eye,—

That prize, with peerless glories bright,  
Which shall new lustre boast  
When victors' wreaths and monarchs'  
gems  
Shall blend in common dust.

*Doddridge*



## 50

*Receptivity*

Open, open, my soul! Around thee press  
 A thousand things divine:  
 All glory and all holiness  
 Are waiting to be thine.

Lie open: Love and Duty stand,  
 Thy guardian angels, near,  
 To lead thee gently by the hand,—  
 Their words of welcome hear.

Lie open, soul: the Beautiful,  
 That all things doth embrace,  
 Shall every passion sweetly lull,  
 And clothe thee in her grace.

Lie open, soul; the great and wise  
 About thy portal throng;  
 The wealth of souls before thee lies,  
 Their gifts to thee belong.

Lie open, soul: in watchfulness  
 Each brighter glory win;  
 The Infinite thy peace shall bless,  
 And God shall enter in.

## 51

*All Equal before God*

ALL men are equal in their birth,  
 Heirs of the earth and skies;  
 All men are equal when that earth  
 Fades from their dying eyes.

God meets the throngs who pay their  
 vows

In courts that hands have made,  
 And hears the worshipper who bows  
 Beneath the plantain shade.

'Tis man alone who difference sees,  
 And speaks of high and low,  
 And worships those and tramples these,  
 While the same path they go.

Oh, let man hasten to restore  
 To all their rights of love!  
 In power and wealth exult no more,  
 In wisdom lowly move.

Ye great, renounce your earth-born  
 pride;  
 Ye low, your shame and fear:  
 Live, as ye worship, side by side;  
 Your brotherhood revere.

*H. Martineau*

O THOU whose own vast temple stands  
Built over earth and sea!

Accept the walls that human hands  
Have raised to worship thee.

Lord, from thine inmost glory send,  
Within these courts to bide,  
The peace that dwelleth without end  
Serenely by thy side.

May erring minds that worship here  
Be taught the better way,  
And they who mourn, and they who fear,  
Be strengthened as they pray!

May faith grow firm, and love grow  
warm,  
And pure devotion rise,  
While round these hallowed walls the  
storm  
Of earth-born passion dies!

*Bryant*

## 53

*On the Lord's Side*

God's trumpet wakes the sumnering  
world:

Now, each man to his post!  
The red-cross banner is unfurled,—  
Who joins the glorious host?

He who in fealty to the Truth,  
And counting all the cost,  
Doth consecrate his gen'rous youth,—  
He joins the noble host!

He who, no anger on his tongue,  
Nor any idle boast,  
Bears steadfast witness against wrong,—  
He joins the sacred host!

He who, with calm, undaunted will,  
Ne'er counts the battle lost,  
But, though defeated, battles still,—  
He joins the faithful host!

He who is ready for the cross,  
The cause despised loves most,  
And shuns not pain, nor shame, nor  
loss,—  
He joins the martyr host!

*Anon*

## 54

*Be True to Yourself*

Be true to every inmost thought;  
Be as thy thought thy speech;  
What thou hast not by suffering bought,  
Presume thou not to teach.

Woe, woe to him, on safety bent,  
Who creeps to age from youth,  
Failing to grasp his life's intent,  
Because he fears the truth.

Show forth thy light! If conscience  
gleam,  
Cherish the rising glow:  
The smallest spark may shed its beam  
O'er thousand hearts below.

Guard thou the fact, though clouds of  
night  
Down on thy watch-tower stoop,  
Though thou shouldst see thine heart's  
delight  
Borne from thee by their swoop.

Face thou the wind, though safer seem  
In shelter to abide.  
We were not made to sit and dream:  
The true must first be tried.

*Alford*



55

*The Waiting God*

THOU long-disowned, reviled, oppressed  
Strange friend of human kind,  
Seeking through weary years a rest  
Within our hearts to find,—

How late thy bright and awful brow  
Breaks through these clouds of sin!  
Hail, Truth divine, we know thee now!  
Angel of God, come in!

Come, though with purifying fire  
And desolating sword!  
Thou of all nations the desire,  
Earth waits thy cleansing word.

Struck by the lightning of thy glance,  
Let old oppressions die;  
Before thy cloudless countenance,  
Let fear and falsehood fly.

Flood our dark life with golden day,  
Convince, subdue, enthrall;  
Then to a mightier yield thy sway,  
And Love be all in all!

*Eliza Scudder*

56

*So Far, so Near*

O THOU in all thy might so far,  
In all thy love so near,  
Beyond the range of sun and star,  
And yet beside us here!

What heart can comprehend thy name,  
Or, searching, find thee out?  
Who art, within, a quickening flame,  
A presence round about.

Yet, though I know thee but in part,  
I ask not, Lord, for more:  
Enough for me to know thou art.  
To love thee and adore.

Oh, sweeter than aught else besides,  
The tender mystery  
That like a veil of shadow hides  
The Light I may not see!

And dearer than all things I know  
Is child-like faith to me,  
That makes the darkest way I go  
An open path to thee!

*F. L. Hosmer*

## 57

*Divine Help*

O NAME all other names above,  
 What art thou not to me,  
 Now I have learned to trust thy love  
 And cast my care on thee!

What is our being but a cry,  
 A restless longing still,  
 Which thou alone canst satisfy,  
 Alone thy fulness fill?

Thrice blessed be the holy souls  
 That lead the way to thee,  
 That burn upon the martyr rolls  
 And lists of prophecy!

And sweet it is to tread the ground  
 O'er which their faith hath trod;  
 But sweeter far, when thou art found,  
 The soul's own sense of God.

The thought of thee all sorrow calms:  
 Our anxious burdens fall;  
 His crosses turn to triumph-palms  
 Who finds in God his all.

*F. L. Hosmer*

## 58

*A Song of Faith*

WE pray no more, made lowly wise,  
 For miracle and sign:  
 Anoint our eyes to see within  
 The common the divine.

We turn, from seeking thee afar  
 And in unwonted ways,  
 To build from out our daily lives  
 The temples of thy praise.

And if thy casual comings, Lord,  
 To hearts of old were dear,  
 What joy shall dwell within the faith  
 That feels thee ever near!

And nobler yet shall duty grow,  
 And more shall worship be,  
 When thou art found in all our life,  
 And all our life in thee.

*F. L. Hosmer*

59 *The House our Fathers built to God*

WE love the venerable house  
 Our fathers built to God;  
 In heaven are kept their grateful vows,  
 Their dust endears the sod.

Here, holy thoughts a light have shed  
 From many a radiant face,  
 And prayers of tender hope have spread  
 A perfume through the place.

And anxious hearts have pondered here  
 The mystery of life,  
 And prayed the Eternal Spirit clear  
 Their doubts and aid their strife.

From humble tenements around  
 Came up the pensive train,  
 And in the church a blessing found,  
 Which filled their homes again.

They live with God, their homes are  
 dust;  
 But here their children pray,  
 And, in this fleeting lifetime, trust  
 To find the narrow way.

*Ralph Waldo Emerson*



60

*On the Field*

On, blest is he to whom is given  
 The instinct that can tell  
 That God is on the field, when he  
 Is most invisible.

And blest is he who can divine  
 Where real right doth lie,  
 And dares to take the side that seems  
 Wrong to man's blindfold eye.

Oh, learn to scorn the praise of men!  
 Oh, learn to lose — with God!  
 For Jesus won the world through shame,  
 And beckons thee his road.

And right is right, since God is God;  
 And right the day must win:  
 To doubt would be disloyalty,  
 To falter would be sin.

*F. W. Faber*

61

*Breathing after Holiness*

Oh, that the Lord would guide my ways  
 To keep his statutes still!  
 Oh, that my God would grant me grace  
 To know and do his will!

Oh, send thy Spirit down, to write  
 Thy law upon my heart!  
 Nor let my tongue indulge deceit,  
 Nor act the liar's part.

From vanity turn off mine eyes;  
 Let no corrupt design,  
 Nor covetous desires, arise  
 Within this soul of mine.

Order my footsteps by thy word,  
 And make my heart sincere;  
 Let sin have no dominion, Lord,  
 But keep my conscience clear.

*Watts*



SPEAK gently,—it is better far  
 To rule by love than fear;  
 Speak gently,—let no harsh word mar  
 The good we may do here.

Speak gently to the young, for they  
 Will have enough to bear:  
 Pass through this life as best they may,  
 'Tis full of anxious care.

Speak gently to the aged one,  
 Grieve not the careworn heart.  
 The sands of life are nearly run,—  
 Let them in peace depart.

Speak gently to the erring ones:  
 They must have toiled in vain.  
 Perchance, unkindness made them so;  
 Oh, win them back again!

Speak gently,—'tis a little thing  
 Dropped in the heart's deep well:  
 The good, the joy that it may bring,  
 Eternity shall tell.

*Hanford*

FATHER of all! in every age,  
 In every clime adored,  
 By saint, by savage, or by sage,  
 Jehovah, Jove, or Lord!

Thou great First Cause, least understood,  
 Who all my sense confined  
 To know but this,—that thou art good  
 And that myself am blind;

What conscience dictates to be done  
 Or warns me not to do,  
 This teach me more than hell to shun,  
 That more than heaven pursue.

If I am right, thy grace impart  
 Still in the right to stay;  
 If I am wrong, oh, teach my heart  
 To find that better way!

Teach me to feel another's woe,  
 To hide the fault I see.  
 The mercy I to others show,  
 That mercy show to me.

This day be bread and peace my lot;  
 All else beneath the sun  
 Thou knowest if best bestowed or not,—  
 And let thy will be done!

To thee whose temple is all space,  
 Whose altar earth, sea, skies,  
 One chorus let all beings raise,  
 All nature's incense rise!

*A. Pope*

THERE is a book who runs may read,  
 Which heavenly truth imparts,  
 And all the lore its scholars need  
 Pure eyes and [earnest] hearts.

The works of God, above, below,  
 Within us and around,  
 Are pages in that book, to show  
 How God himself is found.

The glorious sky, embracing all,  
 Is like the Maker's love,  
 Wherewith encompassed, great and small  
 In peace and order move.

Thou who hast given us eyes to see  
 And love this sight so fair,  
 Give us a heart to find out thee,  
 And read thee everywhere!

*Keble*



65

*The Stream of Faith*

FROM heart to heart, from creed to creed,  
 The hidden river runs:  
 It quickens all the ages down,  
 It binds the sires to sons,—  
 The stream of Faith, whose source is God,  
 Whose sound the sound of prayer,  
 Whose meadows are the holy lives  
 Upspringing everywhere.

And still it moves, a broadening flood,  
 And fresher, fuller grows,  
 A sense as if the sea were near  
 Toward which the river flows.  
 O Thou who art the secret Source  
 That rises in each soul,  
 Thou art the Ocean, too,—thy charm  
 That ever-deepening roll!

*W. C. Gannett*

66

*Listening*

I HEAR it often in the dark,  
 I hear it in the light,—  
 Where is the voice that comes to me  
 With such a quiet might?  
 It seems but echo to my thought,  
 And yet beyond the stars!  
 It seems a heart-beat in a hush,  
 And yet the planet jars!

Oh, may it be that far within  
 My inmost soul there lies  
 A *spirit-sky*, that opens with  
 Those voices of surprise?  
 Thy heaven is mine,—my very soul!  
 Thy words are sweet and strong:  
 They fill my inward silences  
 With music and with song.

They send me challenges to right,  
 And loud rebuke my ill;  
 They ring my bells of victory;  
 They breathe my "Peace, be still!"  
 They ever seem to say: "My child,  
 Why seek me so all day?  
 Now journey inward to thyself,  
 And listen by the way!"

*W. C. Gannett*

67

*A Song of Trust.*

O LOVE divine, of all that is  
 The sweetest still and best,  
 Fain would I come and rest to-night  
 Upon thy tender breast.  
 I pray thee, turn me not away;  
 For, sinful though I be,  
 Thou knowest everything I need,  
 And all my need of thee.

And yet the spirit in my heart  
 Says, Wherefore should I pray [love,  
 That thou shouldst seek me with thy  
 Since thou dost seek alway?  
 And dost not even wait until  
 I urge my steps to thee,  
 But in the darkness of my life  
 Art coming still to me.

But thou wilt hear the thought I mean  
 And not the words I say;  
 Wilt hear the thanks among the words  
 That only seem to pray.  
 Still, still thy love will beckon me,  
 And still thy strength will come  
 In many ways to bear me up  
 And bring me to my home.

*John W. Chadwick*

68

*Clouds*

A LOWERING sky with heavy clouds  
 That darken all the day!  
 'Tis often thus in human life  
 We walk our clouded way.  
 But still I know the sun shines on,  
 Though mist the earth enshrouds:  
 The sun himself the vapors lifts,  
 Or there would be no clouds.

It is the sun's glad rays that cast  
 The shadows wide and deep.  
 Thus, though I stumble in the dark,  
 Faith in the light I'll keep.  
 For he that lifts from marshy lands  
 These clouds that trail the sky,  
 Will scatter, melt in rain, or change  
 To beauty by and by.

*M. J. S.*

69

*The Hymn of Summer*

HOW GLAD the tone when summer's sun  
 Wreathes the gay world with flowers,  
 And trees bend down with golden fruit,  
 And birds are in their bowers.  
 The morn sends silent music down  
 Upon each earthly thing;  
 And always since creation's dawn  
 The stars together sing.

Shall man remain in silence, then,  
 While all beneath the skies  
 The chorus join? No: let us sing;  
 And, while our voices rise,  
 Oh, let our lives, great God! breathe forth  
 A constant melody,  
 And every action be a tone  
 In that sweet hymn to thee!

*J. Richardson*



70

*Pure Worship*

THE offerings to thy throne which rise,  
Of mingled praise and prayer,  
Are but a worthless sacrifice,  
Unless the heart is there.

Upon thine all-discerning ear  
Let no vain words intrude,  
No tribute but the vow sincere,—  
The tribute of the good.

My offerings will indeed be blest,  
If sanctified by thee,  
If thy pure spirit touch my breast  
With its own purity.

Oh, may that spirit warm my heart  
To piety and love,  
And to life's lowly vale impart  
Some rays from heaven above!

71

*The City of God*

CITY of God, how broad and far  
Outspread thy walls sublime!  
The true thy chartered freemen are  
Of every age and clime.

One holy Church, one army strong,  
One steadfast high intent,  
One working band, one harvest-song,  
One King Omnipotent

How purely hath thy speech come down  
From man's primeval youth!  
How grandly hath thy empire grown  
Of Freedom, Love, and Truth!

In vain the surge's angry shock,  
In vain the drifting sands,  
Unharm'd, upon the Eternal Rock,  
The Eternal City stands.

*Bowring**S. Johnson*

WHEN warmer suns and bluer skies  
Proclaim the opening year,  
What happy sounds of life arise,  
What lovely scenes appear!

Earth with her thousand voices sings  
Her song of gladsome praise,  
And every blade of grass that springs  
God's loving law obeys.

The early flowers bloom bright and fair,  
Fair shines the morning sky,  
The birds make music in the air,  
The brook goes singing by,

Like this spring morning sweet and clear,  
That greets our gladdened eyes,  
The spring of heaven's eternal year  
Shall bring new earth and skies.

*Anon*

Scorn not the slightest word or deed,  
Nor deem it void of power:  
There's fruit in each wind-wafted seed  
That waits its natal hour.

A whispered word may touch the heart,  
And call it back to life;  
A look of love bid sin depart,  
And still unholy strife.

No act falls fruitless; none can tell  
How vast its power may be,  
Nor what results infolded dwell  
Within it silently.

Work on, despair not; bring thy mite,  
Nor care how small it be:  
God is with all that serve the right,  
The holy, true, and free.

*Anon*

I WORSHIP thee, sweet Will of God,  
And all thy ways adore;  
And, every day I live, I long  
To love thee more and more.

He always wins who sides with God;  
To him no chance is lost:  
God's will is sweetest to him when  
It triumphs at his cost.

Ill that God blesses is our good,  
And unblest good is ill; [wrong,  
And all is right that seems most  
If it be his dear will!

I have no cares, O blessed Will,  
For all my cares are thine.  
I live in triumph, Lord; for thou  
Hast made thy triumphs mine.

*Frederic W. Faber*

I BREATHE the fiery furnace breath;  
I feel God's hammer-blows;  
I faint as in the grip of death,  
As round his hard laws close.

Let me be patient; for 'tis love  
Enkindles all the flame.  
The blows his faithful kindness prove,  
And echo his dear name.

His tender hand, with iron grasp,  
Me on the anvil holds; [clasp  
His breath the flames that round me  
With fiercely-burning folds.

By fiery forge and hammer blow  
The ore of life and thought  
Are shaped, until their uses show  
That skill divine hath wrought.

*M. J. S.*



76

*The Church Universal*

ONE holy Church of God appears  
Through every age and race,  
Unwasted by the lapse of years,  
Unchanged by changing place.

From oldest time, on farthest shores,  
Beneath the pine or palm,  
One Unseen Presence she adores,  
With silence or with psalm.

Her priests are all God's faithful sons,  
To serve the world raised up;  
The pure in heart her baptized ones;  
Love, her communion-cup.

The truth is her prophetic gift,  
The soul her sacred page;  
And feet on mercy's errands swift  
Do make her pilgrimage.

O living Church! thine errand speed,  
Fulfil thy task sublime;  
With bread of life earth's hunger feed,—  
Redeem the evil time!

*S. Longfellow*

77

*All as God wills*

ALL as God wills! who wisely heeds  
To give or to withhold,  
And knoweth more of all my needs  
Than all my prayers have told.

Enough, that blessings undeserved  
Have marked my erring track;  
That, wheresoe'er my feet have swerved,  
Thy chastening turned me back;

That more and more a providence  
Of love is understood,  
Making the springs of time and sense  
Bright with eternal good;

That death seems but a covered way  
Which opens into light,  
Wherein no blinded child can stray  
Beyond the Father's sight.

No longer forward or behind  
I look, in hope or fear,  
But grateful take the good I find,  
God's blessing now and here.

*Whittier*

IMMORTAL by their deed and word,  
Like light around them shed,  
Still speak the prophets of the Lord,  
Still live the sainted dead.

The voice of old by Jordan's flood  
Yet floats upon the air :  
We hear it in beatitude,  
In parable and prayer.

And still the beauty of that life  
Shines star-like on our way,  
And breathes its calm amid the strife  
And burden of to-day.

Earnest of life forevermore,  
That life of duty here,—  
The trust that in the darkest hour  
Looked forth and knew no fear.

Spirit of Jesus, still speed on!  
Speed on thy conquering way,  
Till every heart the Father own,  
And all his will obey.

*F. L. Hosmer*

Oh, not in far-off realms of space,  
The spirit hath its throne :  
In every heart, it findeth place,  
And waiteth to be known.

Thought answereth alone to thought,  
And soul with soul hath kin :  
The outward God he findeth not  
Who finds not God within.

And if the vision come to thee,  
Revealed by inward sign,  
Earth will be full of Deity,  
And with his glory shine.

Thou shalt not wait for company,  
Nor pitch thy tent alone :  
The indwelling God will go with thee,  
And show thee of his own.

O gift of gifts, O grace of grace !  
That God should condescend  
To make thy heart his dwelling-place,  
And be thy daily friend !

*F. L. Hosmer*

FATHER, we would not dare to change  
Thy purpose, if we might ;  
For how shall man presume to teach  
The everlasting Right ?

No word of ours can make thee wise  
Or better than thou art ;  
And yet we lift our souls to thee  
For what thou canst impart.

Our prayer is but a flower that lifts  
Its petals to the sun,  
That in the light it may unfold  
Its leaflets one by one.

We only ask thyself ; that we,  
Unfolding hour by hour  
The beauty of good deeds, may drink  
Thy life in like the flower.

*M. J. S.*



81

*Auld Lang Syne*

SHOULD auld acquaintance be forgot,  
 And never brought to mind?  
 Should auld acquaintance be forgot,  
 And days of auld lang syne?  
 For auld lang syne we meet to-night,  
 For auld lang syne,  
 To sing the songs our fathers sang  
 In days of auld lang syne.

We've passed through many varied  
 scenes,  
 Since youth's unclouded day;  
 And friends and hopes and happy  
 dreams  
 Time's hand hath swept away;  
 And voices that once joined with ours,  
 In days of auld lang syne,  
 Are silent now, and blend no more  
 In songs of auld lang syne.

But when we cross the sea of life,  
 And reach the heavenly shore,  
 We'll sing the songs our fathers sing,  
 Transcending those of yore:

We'll meet to sing diviner strains  
 Than those of auld lang syne,—  
 Immortal songs of praise, unknown  
 In days of auld lang syne.

*Anon*

82

*Song of the Silent Ones*

It singeth low in every heart,  
 We hear it each and all,—  
 A song of those who answer not,  
 However we may call.  
 They throng the silence of the breast;  
 We see them as of yore,—  
 The kind, the true, the brave, the sweet,  
 Who walk with us no more.

'Tis hard to take the burden up,  
 When these have laid it down:  
 They brightened all the joy of life,  
 They softened every frown.  
 But, oh! 'tis good to think of them  
 When we are troubled sore;  
 Thanks be to God that such have been,  
 Although they are no more!



More homelike seems the vast unknown,  
 Since they have entered there ;  
 To follow them were not so hard,  
 Wherever they may fare.  
 They cannot be where God is not,  
 On any sea or shore.  
 Whate'er betides, thy love abides,  
 Our God, for evermore!

*John W. Chadwick*

## 83

### *Summer Days*

THE summer days are come again ;  
 Once more, the glad earth yields  
 Her golden wealth of ripening grain,  
 And breath of clover-fields ;  
 And deepening shade of summer woods,  
 And glow of summer air,  
 And winging thoughts, and happy words  
 Of love and joy and prayer.

The summer days are come again,  
 The birds are on the wing ;  
 God's praises, in their loving strain,  
 Unconsciously they sing.  
 We *know* who giveth all the good  
 That doth our cup o'erbrim :  
 For summer joy in field and wood,  
 We lift our song to Him.

*S. Longfellow*

## 84

### *Serving Man*

THE cattle on a thousand hills  
 With all their flocks are thine ;  
 The corn that waves in every vale,  
 The grape and all its wine.  
 We cannot minister to Thee  
 Who everything dost own :  
 Our duty we can only pay  
 By serving man alone.

To teach the world's dark ignorance,  
 To lift up those that fall,  
 To cheer the sad, and stoop to hear  
 The needy when they call,—  
 This is an offering worthy God,  
 A sacrifice divine.  
 With hearts and hands made holy thus,  
 We may approach his shrine.

*M. J. S.*

## 85

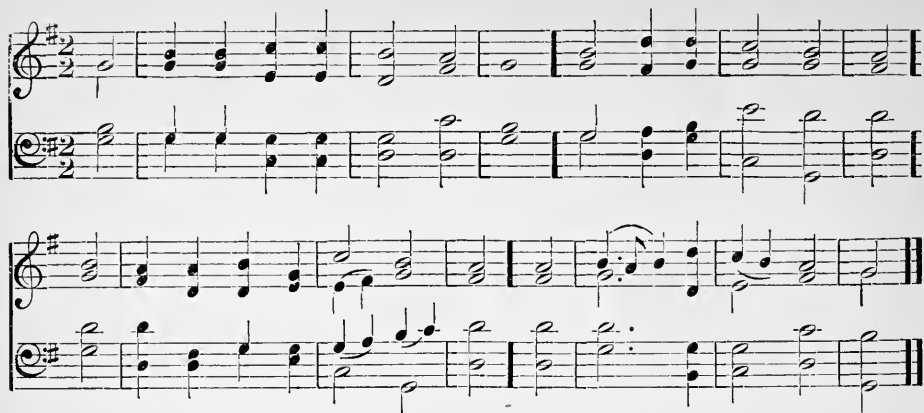
### *Heroic Memories*

WE'LL sing our loving trust in God,  
 However dark the day ;  
 For sure 'tis he who leadeth us  
 Along our changeful way.  
 There cometh sun, there cometh cloud ;  
 But, whate'er may befall,  
 We still will follow after him  
 Who leads us through them all.

We'll cheer our hearts, as on we go,  
 With thoughts of those of old,  
 Who through their furnace-trials came  
 Refined like precious gold.  
 Like Jesus, they, too, stood for truth,  
 Though heretic with men ;  
 Like him, they triumphed, though they  
 died,  
 And still they live again.

Not only in the far-off lands  
 And far-off times they wrought :  
 The modern world has heroes too  
 To lift its heart and thought.  
 These are the ones who dare to think ;  
 And, spite of hostile wrath,  
 They, for the progress of mankind,  
 Hew out a grander path.

*M. J. S.*



86

*Nature's Worship*

THE harp at Nature's advent strung  
Has never ceased to play;  
The song the stars of morning sung  
Has never died away.

The green earth sends her incense up  
From many a mountain shrine;  
From folded leaf and dewy cup,  
She pours her sacred wine.

The blue sky is the temple's arch;  
Its transept, earth and air;  
The music of its starry march,  
The chorus of a prayer.

So Nature keeps the reverent frame  
With which her years began,  
And all her signs and voices shame  
The prayerless heart of man.

*J. G. Whittier*

87

*Who is thy Neighbor*

Who is thy neighbor? He whom thou  
Hast power to aid or bless;  
Whose aching heart or burning brow  
Thy soothing hand may press.

Thy neighbor? 'Tis the fainting poor,  
Whose eye with want is dim:  
Oh, enter thou his humble door,  
With aid and peace for him!

Thy neighbor? He who drinks the cup  
When sorrow drowns the brim.  
With words of high, sustaining hope,  
Go thou and comfort him.

Thy neighbor? Pass no mourner by.  
Perhaps thou canst redeem  
A breaking heart from misery:  
Go share thy lot with him.

*Peabody*

WALK in the light ! so shalt thou know  
That fellowship of love  
His Spirit only can bestow,  
Who reigns in light above.

Walk in the light ! and thou shalt find  
Thy heart made truly his,  
Who dwells in cloudless light enshrined,  
In whom no darkness is.

Walk in the light ! and thou shalt own  
Thy darkness passed away ;  
Because that light hath on thee shone,  
In which is perfect day.

Walk in the light ! and thine shall be  
A path, though thorny, bright ;  
For God, by grace, shall dwell in thee,  
And God himself is light.

*Bernard Barton*

OUR Father, through the coming year  
We know not what shall be ;  
But we would leave, without a fear,  
Its ordering all to thee.

It may be we shall toil in vain  
For what the world holds fair ;  
And all its good we thought to gain  
Deceive, and prove but care.

It may be it shall bring us days  
And nights of lingering pain,  
And bid us take our farewell gaze  
Of these loved haunts of men.

But calmly, Lord, on thee we rest :  
No fears our trust shall move ;  
Thou knowest what for each is best ;  
And thou art perfect love.

*Gaskell*

THINK gently of the erring one :  
Oh, let us not forget,  
However darkly stained by sin,  
He is our brother yet !

Heir of the same inheritance,  
Child of the self-same God,  
He hath but fallen in the path  
We have in weakness trod.

Speak gently to the erring ones :  
We may yet lead them back,  
With holy words and tones of love,  
From misery's thorny track.

Forget not, brother, thou hast sinned,  
And sinful yet may'st be :  
Deal gently with the erring heart,  
As God hath dealt with thee.

*Miss Fletcher*

OUR Father, God ! thy gracious power  
On every hand we see :  
Oh, may the blessings of each hour  
Lead all our thoughts to thee !

If, on the wings of morn, we speed  
To earth's remotest bound,  
Thy hand will there our footsteps lead,  
Thy love our path surround.

Thy power is in the ocean deeps,  
And reaches to the skies ;  
Thine eye of mercy never sleeps,  
Thy goodness never dies.

In all the varying scenes of time,  
On thee our hopes depend,—  
Through every age, in every clime,  
Our Father and our friend !

*James Thomson*



**92** *A Thankful Heart*

FATHER, whate'er of earthly bliss  
Thy sovereign hand denies,  
Accepted at thy throne of grace,  
Let this petition rise :

Give me a calm, a thankful heart,  
From every murmur free ;  
The blessings of thy grace impart,  
And make me live to thee.

Let the sweet thought that thou art mine  
My life and death attend ;  
Thy presence through my journey shine,  
And crown my journey's end.

*Anne Steele*

**93** *Jesus of Nazareth*

THE loving Friend to all who bowed  
Beneath life's weary load,  
From lips baptized in humble prayer  
His consolations flowed.

The faithful Witness to the Truth,  
His just rebuke was hurled  
Out from a heart that burned to break  
The fetters of the world.

No hollow rite, no lifeless creed,  
His piercing glance could bear ;  
But longing hearts which sought him  
found

That God and heaven were there.

*S. Longfellow*

**94** *Leading the Way*

ANOTHER hand is beckoning us,  
Another call is given ;  
And glows once more with angel steps  
The path that leads to heaven.

Oh, half we deemed she needed not  
The changing of her sphere,  
To give to heaven a shining one,  
Who walked an angel here !

Unto our Father's will alone  
One thought hath reconciled,—  
That he whose love exceedeth ours  
Hath taken home his child.

Fold her, O Father, in thine arms,  
And let her henceforth be  
A messenger of love between  
Our human hearts and thee.

Still, let her mild rebuking stand  
Between us and the wrong,  
And her dear memory serve to make  
Our faith in goodness strong.

Whittier

95

*Death of the Righteous*

BEHOLD the western evening light!  
It melts in deepening gloom :  
So calm the righteous sink away,  
Descending to the tomb.

The winds breathe low ; the yellow leaf  
Scarce whispers from the tree :  
So gently flows the parting breath,  
When good men cease to be.

How beautiful, on all the hills,  
The crimson light is shed !  
'Tis like the peace the dying gives  
To mourners round his bed.

How mildly, on the wandering cloud,  
The sunset beam is cast !  
So sweet the memory left behind,  
When loved ones breathe their last.

And, lo ! above the dews of night  
The vesper star appears :  
So faith lights up the mourner's heart  
Whose eyes are dim with tears.

William B. O. Peabody

96

*"Blessed are they that mourn"*

FROM lips divine, like healing balm  
To hearts oppressed and torn,  
The heavenly consolation fell,  
"Blessed are they that mourn."

Unto the hopes by sorrow crushed,  
A noble faith succeeds ;  
And life, by trials furrowed, bears  
The fruit of loving deeds.

How rich, how sweet, how full of  
strength

Our human spirits are,  
Baptized into the sanctities  
Of suffering and of prayer !

Yes, heavenly wisdom, love divine,  
Breathed through the lips which said,  
"Oh, blessed are the hearts that mourn :  
They shall be comforted."

William H. Burleigh

97

*All Truth leads to God*

FATHER, by whatsoever light  
Our path of life we see,  
It matters not, so at the last  
It leadeth us to thee.

We thank thee for the star that rose  
O'er old Judea bright ;  
And that its deathless ray still shines,  
To fill our souls with light.

We thank thee, too, that other stars  
O'er other lands have shone,  
To guide the stumbling feet of those  
Who toward thee struggle on.

Thou, many names of saving power,  
Hast given unto men ;  
And each new truth that lifts the world  
Is God come down again.

M. J. S.



98

*Another Year*

ANOTHER year of setting suns,  
Of stars by night revealed,  
Of springing grass, of tender buds  
By winter's snow concealed.

Another year of summer's glow,  
Of autumn's gold and brown,  
Of waving fields, and ruddy fruit  
The branches weighing down.

Another year of happy work  
That better is than play;  
Of simple cares, and love that grows  
More sweet from day to day.

Another year of baby mirth,  
And childhood's blessed ways;  
Of thinker's thought, and prophet's  
And poet's tender lays. [dream,

Another year at Beauty's feast,  
At every moment spread;  
Of silent hours, when grow distinct  
The voices of the dead.

Another year to follow hard  
Where better souls have trod;  
Another year of life's delight;  
Another year of God!

*J. W. Chadwick*

99

*Thy Kingdom come*

O God, the darkness roll away,  
Which clouds the human soul;  
And let the bright, the perfect day  
Speed onward to its goal.

Let every hateful passion die,  
Which makes of brethren foes;  
And war no longer raise its cry  
To mar the world's repose.

Let faith and hope and charity  
Go forth through all the earth;  
And man, in heavenly bearing, be  
True to his heavenly birth.

Yea, let thy glorious kingdom come,  
Of holiness and love;  
And make this world a portal meet  
For thy bright courts above.

*William Gaskell*



## IOO

*Spring*

THE softened mould is brown and warm,  
 The early blossoms break,  
 And loosened streams along their banks  
 A mossy verdure make.

A dewy light broods o'er the earth,  
 A sweetness new and rare,  
 And tumults of brook, bird, and breeze  
 With music wake the air.

Awake, O heart! awake and learn  
 The secret of the spring!  
 From winter-sleep it comes like light,  
 Or as a bird on wing.

And if I shall be winter-locked,  
 As sometime I may be;  
 If bitter storms and freezing snows  
 Come whirling down on me,—

Let me lie patient, like the earth,  
 And say, "This shall be rest";  
 And then, O Lord! at thy dear call  
 Arise renewed and blest.

*J. V. Blake*

## IOI

*Assured*

I LONG for household voices gone,  
 For vanished smiles, I long;  
 But God hath led my dear ones on,  
 And he can do no wrong.

I know not what the future hath  
 Of marvel and surprise,  
 Assured alone that life and death  
 His mercy underlies.

And, if my heart and flesh are weak  
 To bear an untried pain,  
 The bruised reed he will not break,  
 But strengthen and sustain.

I know not where his islands lift  
 Their fronded palms in air;  
 I only know I cannot drift  
 Beyond his love and care.

And so beside the Silent Sea  
 I wait the muffled oar:  
 No harm from him can come to me  
 On ocean or on shore.

*J. G. Whittier*



**IO2**

*Evolution*

THE one life thrilled the star-dust  
through,

In nebulous masses whirled,  
Until, globed like a drop of dew,  
Shone out a new-made world.

The one life on the ocean shore,  
Through primal ooze and slime,  
Crept slowly on from less to more  
Along the ways of time.

The one life in the jungles old,  
From lowly, creeping things,  
Did ever some new form unfold,—  
Swift feet or soaring wings.

The one life all the ages through  
Pursued its wondrous plan,  
Till, as the tree of promise grew,  
It blossomed into man.

The one life reacheth onward still:  
As yet, no eye may see

The far-off fact man's dream fulfil,—  
The glory yet to be.

M. J. S.

**IO3**

*Hope*

STANDING upon the mountain top,  
We catch the kindling ray  
That reddens in the east, and tells  
The coming of the day.

The valleys all in shadow lie,  
And dark is every plain:  
It seems as if the world's long night  
Would never cease its reign.

But when the eastern hill-tops glow,  
We know the night is past;  
And, though the valleys still are dark,  
The day must come at last.

Thus Hope her cheering lesson reads  
In every dawn of day:  
How slow soe'er the shadows lift,  
The night must pass away.

M. J. S.





**IO4** *The Manifold Grace of God*

THOU Grace divine, encircling all,  
A shoreless, soundless sea,  
Wherein at last our souls must fall,—  
O love of God most free!

When over dizzy heights we go,  
One soft hand blinds our eyes,  
The other leads us safe and slow,—  
O love of God most wise!

And though we turn us from thy face,  
And wander wide and long,  
Thou hold'st us still in thine embrace,—  
O love of God most strong!

The saddened heart, the restless soul,  
The toil-worn frame and mind,  
Alike confess thy sweet control,—  
O love of God most kind!

And, filled and quickened by thy breath,  
Our souls are strong and free

To rise o'er sin and fear and death,  
O love of God, to thee!

*Eliza Scudder*

**IO5** *Aspiration*

THE dove, let loose in eastern skies,  
Returning fondly home,  
Ne'er stoops to earth her wing, nor flies  
Where idle warblers roam.

But high she shoots through air and light,  
Above all low delay,  
Where nothing earthly bounds her flight,  
Nor shadow dims her way.

So grant me, Lord, from every snare  
Of sinful passion free,  
Aloft, through faith's serener air,  
To urge my course to thee;

No sin to cloud, no lure to stay  
My soul, as home she springs,—  
Thy sunshine on her joyful way,  
Thy freedom on her wings.

*T. Moore*



**106** *Man frail, and God eternal*

O God, our help in ages past,  
Our hope for years to come,  
Our shelter from the stormy blast,  
And our eternal home,—

Before the hills in order stood,  
Or earth received her frame,  
From everlasting thou art God,  
To endless years the same.

A thousand ages, in thy sight,  
Are like an evening gone;  
Short as the watch that ends the night,  
Before the rising sun.

Time, like an ever-rolling stream  
Bears all its sons away;  
They fly, forgotten, as a dream  
Dies at the opening day.

O God, our help in ages past,  
Our hope for years to come,

Be thou our guard while troubles last,  
And our eternal home!

*Isaac Watts*

**107** *The Ways of Wisdom*

Wisdom has treasures greater far  
Than east or west unfold,  
And her rewards more precious are  
Than is the gain of gold.

In her right hand she holds to view  
A length of happy years,  
And in her left the prize of fame  
And honor bright appears.

She guides the young with innocence  
In pleasure's path to tread,  
A crown of glory she bestows  
Upon the hoary head.

According as her labors rise,  
So her rewards increase:  
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,  
And all her paths are peace.

*Scotch Paraphrase*



# 108 *Laying a Corner-stone of a Church*

THE heavens cannot contain thee, Lord;  
And shall we think to raise  
Fit dwelling for thy living word  
Or worthy of thy praise?

Shall walls of wood or stone, reared  
high,  
Look noble in thy sight?  
Or lofty spire that cleaves the sky  
Touch heaven with delight?

Nay, these are senseless! thou wouldst  
have  
A temple built of men,  
Compact with deeds that seek to save  
And lift to God again.

The utmost truth of God and man  
Shall be our corner-stone;  
And rising walls unfold a plan  
That Love may call her own.

Thus may thy holy church arise,  
Until the structure fair  
Shall fill the earth and touch the skies,  
And heaven be everywhere.

M. J. S.

# 109 *Consecration*

O God, whose law is in the sky,  
Whose light is on the sea,  
Who livest in the human heart,  
We give ourselves to thee.

In fearless, world-wide search for truth,  
Whatever form it wear,  
Or crown or cross or fame or blame,  
We thine ourselves declare.

In love that binds mankind in one,  
That serves all those in need,  
Whose law is helpful sympathy,—  
In this we're thine indeed.

In labor, whose far-distant end  
Is bringing to accord  
The real fact with highest hope,  
We follow thee, O Lord!

To truth, to love, to duty, then,  
Wherever we may be,  
We give ourselves! and, doing this,  
We give ourselves to thee.

M. J. S.



## IIO

*In Calm and Storm*

If, on a quiet sea,  
Toward heaven we calmly sail,  
With grateful hearts, O God! to thee  
We owe the favoring gale.

But should the surges rise,  
And rest delay to come,  
Blest be the sorrow, kind the storm,  
Which drives us nearer home!

Soon shall our doubts and fears  
All yield to thy control;  
Thy tender mercies shall illumine  
The midnight of the soul.

Teach us in every state  
To make thy will our own,  
And, when the joys of sense depart,  
To live by faith alone.

*Anon*

## III

*The Sower*

Sow in the morn thy seed,  
At eve hold not thy hand;  
To doubt and fear, give thou no heed,  
Broadcast it o'er the land!

Beside all waters sow,  
The highway furrows stock,  
Drop it where thorns and thistles grow,  
Scatter it on the rock!

And duly shall appear,  
In verdure, beauty, strength,  
The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,  
And the full corn at length.

*James Montgomery*

## II2

*Heaven Everywhere*

Our heaven is everywhere,  
If we but love the Lord,  
Unswerving tread the narrow way,  
And ever shun the broad.

'Tis where the trusting heart  
Bows meekly to its grief,  
Still looking up with earnest faith  
For comfort and relief.

Wherever truth abides,  
Sweet peace is ever there:  
If we but love and serve the Lord,  
Our heaven is everywhere.



## II3

*The Lord's Prayer*

Our heavenly Father, hear  
The prayer we offer now!  
Thy name be hallowed far and near,  
To thee, all nations bow.

Thy kingdom come; thy will  
On earth be done in love,  
As saints and seraphim fulfil  
Thy perfect law above.

Our daily bread supply,  
While by thy word we live;  
The guilt of our iniquity  
Forgive as we forgive.

From dark temptation's power  
Our feeble hearts defend;  
Deliver in the evil hour,  
And guide us to the end.

Thine, then, for ever be  
Glory and power divine!  
The sceptre, throne, and majesty  
Of heaven and earth are thine.

*James Montgomery*

## II4

*The Right is the Beautiful*

TEACH me, my God and King,  
Thy will in all to see,  
And what I do in anything  
To do it as for thee!

To scorn the senses' sway,  
While still to thee I tend.  
In all I do be thou the way,  
In all be thou the end.

All may of thee partake ·  
Nothing so small can be  
But draws, when acted for thy sake,  
Greatness and worth from thee.

A servant with this clause  
Makes drudgery divine:  
Who sweeps a room as for thy laws  
Makes that and th' action fine.

This is the famous stone  
That turneth all to gold;  
For that which God doth touch and own  
Cannot for less be told.

*George Herbert*

**II5** *The Lord shall lead me*

Thy way, not mine, O Lord!  
 However dark it be:  
 Lead me aright by thine own hand,  
 Choose out the path for me.

Smooth let it be or rough,  
 It will be still the best;  
 Winding or straight, it matters not,  
 It leads me to thy rest.

I dare not choose my lot;  
 I would not if I might:  
 Choose thou the way for me, my God.  
 So shall I walk aright.

Not mine, not mine the choice  
 In things or great or small:  
 Be thou my light, my guide, my strength,  
 My wisdom, and my all.

*Bonar***II6** *"Thy Kingdom Come"*

Come, kingdom of our God,  
 Sweet reign of light and love,  
 Shed peace and hope and joy abroad,  
 And wisdom from above.

Over our spirits first  
 Extend thy healing reign:  
 There raise and quench the sacred thirst  
 That never pains again.

Come, kingdom of our God,  
 And make the broad earth thine;  
 Stretch o'er her lands and isles the rod  
 That flowers with grace divine.

Soon may all tribes be blest  
 With fruit from life's glad tree,  
 And in its shade like brothers rest,  
 Sons of one family.

*Johns***II7** *"It is nigh Thee, in thy Heart"*

Say not the law divine  
 Is hidden far from thee:  
 That heavenly law within may shine,  
 And there its brightness be.

Soar not, my soul, on high,  
 To bring it down to earth:  
 No star within the vaulted sky  
 Is of such priceless worth.



Thou need'st not launch thy bark  
Up on a shoreless sea,  
Breasting its waves to find the ark,  
To bring this dove to thee.

Cease, then, my soul, to roam;  
Thy wanderings all are vain:  
That holy word is found at home,  
Within thy heart its reign.

*Barton*

## II8

### *Brotherhood*

HUSH the loud cannon's roar,  
The frantic warrior's call! [gore?  
Why should the earth be drenched with  
Are we not brothers all?

Want, from the wretch depart!  
Chains, from the captive fall!  
Sweet Mercy, melt the oppressor's heart  
Sufferers are brothers all.

Churches and sects, strike down  
Each mean partition-wall!  
Let Love each harsher feeling drown;  
For men are brothers all.

Let Love and Truth alone  
Hold human hearts in thrall,  
That Heaven its work at length may own,  
And men be brothers all.

*Johns*

## II9

### *The True Fast*

"Is THIS a fast for me?"  
Thus saith the Lord our God:  
"A day for man to vex his soul,  
And feel affliction's rod?"

"No: is not this alone  
The sacred fast I choose,—  
Oppression's yoke to burst in twain,  
The bands of guilt unloose?"

"To nakedness and want,  
Your food and raiment deal;  
To dwell your kindred race among,  
And all their sufferings heal?"

"Then, like the morning ray,  
Shall spring your health and light:  
Before you, righteousness shall shine;  
Behind, my glory bright."

*Drummond*



## 120 *The Pilgrim Fathers*

THE breaking waves dashed high  
 On a stern and rock-bound coast;  
 And the woods against a stormy sky  
 Their giant branches tossed;  
 And the heavy night hung dark  
 The hills and waters o'er,—  
 When a band of exiles moored their  
 bark  
 On the wild New England shore,  
 Not as the conqueror comes,  
 They, the true-hearted, came;  
 Not with the roll of stirring drums,  
 And the trump that sings of fame:  
 Not as the flying come,  
 In silence and in fear:  
 They shook the depths of the desert's  
 gloom  
 With their hymns of lofty cheer.

Amidst the storm they sang:

And the stars heard, and the sea;  
 And the sounding aisles of the dim wood  
 rang  
 With the anthem of the free.  
 The ocean eagle soared [foam,  
 From his nest by the white wave's  
 And the rocking pines of the forest  
 roared,—  
 This was their welcome home!

What sought they thus afar,—  
 Bright jewels of the mine,  
 The wealth of seas, the spoils of war?  
 They sought a faith's pure shrine.  
 Ay, call it holy ground,—  
 The soil where first they trod:  
 They have left unstained what there they  
 found,—  
 Freedom to worship God.

*Mrs. Hemans*





**I21** "Happy New Year"

BACKWARD looking o'er the past,  
Forward, too, with eager gaze,  
Stand we here to-day, O God!  
At the parting of the ways.

Tenderest thoughts our bosoms fill;  
Memories all bright and fair  
Seem to float on spirit-wings  
Downward through the silent air.

Hark! through all their music sweet,  
Hear you not a voice of cheer?  
'Tis the voice of Hope which sings,  
"Happy be the coming year!"

Father, comes that voice from thee!  
Swells it with thy meaning vast,—  
Good in all thy future stored,  
Fairer than in all the past!

*J. W. Chadwick*

**I22** *The Eternal Lights*

SLOWLY, by God's hand unfurled,  
Down around the weary world,  
Falls the darkness; oh, how still  
Is the working of his will!

Mighty Spirit, ever nigh,  
Work in me as silently;  
Veil the day's distracting sights,  
Show me heaven's eternal lights.

Living stars to view be brought  
In the boundless realms of thought;  
High and infinite desires,  
Flaming like those upper fires.

Holy Truth, Eternal Right,  
Let them break upon my sight;  
Let them shine serene and still,  
And with light my being fill!

*Furness*



## 123

*Heredity*

HEIR of all the ages, I,—  
 Heir of all that they have wrought!  
 All their store of emprise high,  
 All their wealth of precious thought!

Every golden deed of theirs  
 Sheds its lustre on my way;  
 All their labors, all their prayers,  
 Sanctify this present day.

Heir of all that they have earned  
 By their passion and their tears;  
 Heir of all that they have learned  
 Through the weary, toiling years;

Heir of all the faith sublime  
 On whose wings they soared to heaven;  
 Heir of every hope that Time  
 To earth's fainting sons hath given;

Aspirations pure and high;  
 Strength to do and to endure;  
 Heir of all the ages, I,—  
 Lo, I am no longer poor!

*Julia C. R. Dorr*

## 124

*In Common Things*

IN each breeze that wanders free,  
 In each flower that gems the sod,  
 Living souls may hear and see  
 Freshly uttered words from God.

Had we but a searching mind,  
 Seeking good where'er it springs,  
 We should then true wisdom find  
 Hidden in familiar things.

God is present and doth shine  
 Through each scene beneath the sky,  
 Kindling with a light divine  
 Every form that meets the eye.

Worlds on worlds in phalanx deep  
 Need we not to prove him here:  
 Daisies, fresh from nature's sleep,  
 Tell of him in lines as clear.

If the mind would Nature see,  
 Let her cherish Virtue more:  
 Goodness bears the golden key  
 That unlocks her temple door.

*Mrs. Waterston*



## 125

*The Builders*

ALL are architects of Fate,  
Working in these walls of Time:  
Some with massive deeds and great,  
Some with ornaments of rhyme.

Nothing useless is or low :  
Each thing in its place is best ;  
And what seems but idle show  
Strengthens and supports the rest.

For the structure that we raise,  
Time is with materials filled :  
Our to-days and yesterdays  
Are the blocks with which we build.

Build to-day, then, strong and sure,  
With a firm and ample base ;  
And ascending and secure  
Shall to-morrow find its place.

*Longfellow*

## 126

*Education*

LEARNERS are we all at school,  
Eager youth and weary age,  
Governed by the self-same rule,  
Poring o'er the self-same page.

Life the lesson that we learn  
As the days and years go by ;  
Wondrous are the leaves we turn  
On the earth and in the sky.

Oft our sight with tears is blurred  
While we strive in vain to tell  
What may mean some harder word  
Than our wisdom yet can spell.

But we read enough to trust  
That our grand hopes are not lies,  
That our hearts are more than dust,  
And our homes are in the skies.

M. J. S.



# 127

## Duty

THOU, whose name is blazoned forth  
On our banner's gleaming fold,  
Freedom! all thy sacred worth  
Never yet has half been told.

But to-day we sing of one  
Older, graver far than thou;  
With the seal of time begun  
Stamped upon her awful brow.

She is Duty: in her hand  
Is a sceptre heaven-brought;  
Hers the accent of command,  
Hers the dreadful, mystic *Ought*.

But her bondage is so sweet!  
And her burdens make us strong:  
Wings they seem to weary feet,  
Laughter to our lips, and song.

Wheresoever she may lead,  
Freshly burdened every day,

Freedom, make us free to speed  
In her ever brightening way!

*J. W. Chadwick*

# 128

## "Give us our Daily Bread"

DAY by day, the manna fell:  
Oh, to learn this lesson well!  
Still by constant mercy fed,  
Give me, Lord, my daily bread.

Day by day, the promise reads,—  
"Daily strength for daily needs:  
Cast foreboding fears away;  
Take the manna of to-day."

Lord, my times are in thy hand:  
All my sanguine hopes have planned  
To thy wisdom I resign,  
And would mould my will to thine.

Thou my daily task shalt give;  
Day by day to thee I live:  
So shall added years fulfil  
Not my own, my Father's will.

*Josiah Conder*



## 129

*Struggle*

THERE's a strife we all must wage,  
From life's entrance to its close;  
Blest the bold who dare engage!  
Woe for him who seeks repose!

Honored they who firmly stand  
While the conflict presses round,  
God's own banner in their hand,  
In his service faithful found.

What our foes? Each thought impure,  
Passions fierce that tear the soul,  
Every ill that we can cure,  
Every crime we can control,

Every suffering which our hand  
Can with soothing care assuage,  
Every evil of our land,  
Every error of our age.

On, then, to the glorious field!  
He who dies his life shall save:  
God himself shall be our shield,  
He shall bless and crown the brave.

*Bulfinch*

## 130

*Inspiration*

LIFE of Ages, richly poured,  
Love of God, unspent and free,  
Flowing in the prophet's word  
And the people's liberty!

Never was to chosen race  
That unstinted tide confined:  
Thine is every time and place,  
Fountain sweet of heart and mind!

Breathing in the thinker's creed,  
Pulsing in the hero's blood,  
Nerving simplest thought and deed,  
Freshening time with truth and good,

Consecrating art and song,  
Holy book and pilgrim track,  
Hurling floods of tyrant wrong  
From the sacred limits back,—

Life of Ages, richly poured,  
Love of God, unspent and free,  
Flow still in the prophet's word  
And the people's liberty!

*S. Johnson*



## 131

*Beauty for Ashes*

LEAF by leaf the roses fall,  
 Drop by drop the springs run dry,  
 One by one, beyond recall,  
 Summer beauties fade and die.  
 But the roses bloom again,  
 And the springs will gush anew,  
 In the pleasant April rain  
 And the summer sun and dew.

So, in hours of deepest gloom,  
 When the springs of gladness fail,  
 And the roses in their bloom  
 Droop like maidens wan and pale,  
 We shall find some hope that lies  
 Like a silent germ apart,  
 Hidden far from careless eyes  
 In the garden of the heart;

Some sweet hope, to gladness wed,  
 That will spring afresh and new  
 When grief's winter shall have fled,  
 Giving place to sun and dew;

Some sweet hope that breathes of spring  
 Through the weary, weary time,  
 Budding forth its blossoming  
 In the spirit's silent clime.

*Howe*

## 132

*Social Love*

WHEN the truth shall lead us home,  
 When we to its temple come,  
 Then we shall its goodness prove,  
 As the only source of love.  
 Hither all your music bring;  
 Strike aloud its cheerful string:  
 Mortals join, the truth approve,—  
 Join to hail the Source of Love.

Old and young, your voices raise;  
 Tune your lips in social praise;  
 Strike the notes upon the lyre:  
 All to happiness aspire.  
 Cease contention, discord, strife;  
 Lessen all the cares of life:  
 Virtue ne'er can disapprove  
 Cordial hearts of social love.

*Anon*



### 133 *On the Watch-Tower*

WATCHMAN, tell us of the night,—  
 What its signs of promise are.  
 Traveller, o'er yon mountain's height,  
 See that glory-beaming star!  
 Watchman, does its beauteous ray  
 Aught of hope or joy foretell?  
 Traveller, yes: it brings the day,—  
 Promised day of Israel.

Watchman, tell us of the night:  
 Higher yet that star ascends.  
 Traveller, blessedness and light,  
 Peace and truth, its course portends.  
 Watchman, will its beams alone  
 Gild the spot that gave them birth?  
 Traveller, ages are its own:  
 See! it bursts o'er all the earth.

Watchman, tell us of the night;  
 For the morning seems to dawn.  
 Traveller, darkness takes its flight,  
 Doubt and terror are withdrawn.

Watchman, let thy wanderings cease:  
 Hie thee to thy quiet home.  
 Traveller, lo! the Prince of Peace,  
 Lo! the Son of God is come.

*Bowring*

### 134 *The Offering*

LORD, what offering shall we bring  
 At thine altars when we bow?  
 Hearts, the pure, unsullied spring  
 Whence the kind affections flow;  
 Quiet thoughts at peace with all;  
 Wrongs forgiven into rest;  
 Sympathy intent to call  
 Sorrow from the wounded breast;

Willing hands to lead the blind,  
 Bind the wounded, feed the poor;  
 Love, embracing all our kind,  
 Charity, with liberal store.  
 Teach us, O thou heavenly King!  
 Thus to show our grateful mind,  
 Thus the accepted offering bring,—  
 Love to thee and all mankind.

*John Taylor*



## 135

*Seeking God*

TEACH us, Father, how to find thee!  
 This the cry of all the earth.  
 Search for God has built all altars;  
 Here have all religions birth.

Lo how simple is the pathway!  
 God is never far to find;  
 Only be like him in helping,  
 Serve and lift up all mankind.

Pity sorrow, save the sinning,  
 Lead the little feet, and see!  
 Helping like God, ye are godlike:  
 God himself is found in thee.

M. J. S.

## 136

*God is Love*

GOD is love: his mercy brightens  
 All the path in which we rove;  
 Bliss he wakes, and woe he lightens:  
 God is wisdom, God is love.

Chance and change are busy ever;  
 Man decays and ages move;  
 But his mercy waneth never:  
 God is wisdom, God is love.

E'en the hour that darkest seemeth

Will his changeless goodness prove;  
 From the gloom his brightness stream—  
 God is wisdom, God is love. [eth:

He with earthly cares entwineth  
 Hope and comfort from above;  
 Everywhere his glory shineth:  
 God is wisdom, God is love.

*Bowring*

## 137

*The Gentle Teacher*

EVER find I joy in reading,  
 In the ancient holy Book,  
 Of the gentle Teacher's pleading,  
 Truth in every word and look.

How, when children came, he blessed  
 them,

Suffered no man to reprove,  
 Took them in his arms, and pressed them  
 To his heart with words of love;

How to all the sick and tearful  
 Help was ever gladly shown;  
 How he sought the poor and fearful,  
 Called them brothers and his own;



How no contrite soul e'er sought him  
And was bidden to depart ;  
How with gentle words he taught him,  
Took the death from out his heart.

Still I read the ancient story,  
And my joy is ever new,—  
How he lived so pure and holy,  
How he loved so firm and true.  
*Luise Hensel (tr. by Cath. Winkworth)*

## 138 *Decoration Day*

WE remember thee, O brave ones  
Who for truth and country bled !  
And, though with us here no longer,  
Still we cannot think thee dead.

Ye are living, though the grasses  
Green above your graves may be :  
Ye are living in the glory  
Of a people that is free ;

Ye are living in the comrades  
That your faith and valor knew ;  
Ye shall live in all the future,  
While to right brave men are true.

For no deed heroic faileth  
Ever from the hearts of men :  
Each new year it springeth upward,  
Young with endless life again.

M. J. S.

## 139 *The City of God*

GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,  
Zion, city of our God :  
He, whose word cannot be broken,  
Formed thee for his own abode.

On the Rock of Ages founded,  
What can shake thy sure repose ?

With salvation's walls surrounded,  
Thou mayst smile at all thy foes.

See ! the streams of living waters,  
Springing from eternal love,  
Well supply thy sons and daughters,  
And all fear of want remove.

Who can faint while such a river  
Ever flows their thirst to assuage !  
Grace which, like the Lord the Giver,  
Never fails from age to age.

*J. Newton*

## 140 *The Conflict of Life*

ONWARD [onward], though the region  
Where thou art be drear and lone :  
God hath set a guardian legion  
Very near thee,—press thou on !

By the thorn-road, and none other,  
Is the mount of vision won ;  
Tread it without shrinking, brother !  
Jesus trod it,—press thou on !

By thy trustful, calm endeavor,  
Guiding, cheering, like the sun,  
Earth-bound hearts thou shalt deliver :  
Oh, for their sake, press thou on !

Be this world the wiser, stronger,  
For thy life of pain and peace :  
While it needs thee, oh, no longer  
Pray thou for thy quick release.

Pray thou [every day the] rather  
That thou be a faithful son ;  
By the prayer of Jesus,—“ Father,  
Not my will, but thine, be done ! ”

*Samuel Johnson*



## 141

*Psalm of Life*

TELL me not in mournful numbers  
 Life is but an empty dream ;  
 For the soul is dead that slumbers,  
 And things are not what they seem.

Life is real, life is earnest,  
 And the grave is not its goal :  
 Dust thou art, to dust returnest,  
 Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,  
 Is our destined end and way ;  
 But to act, that each to-morrow  
 Find us further than to-day.

Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant ;  
 Let the dead Past bury its dead :  
 Act, act in the living Present,  
 Heart within and God o'erhead.

Let us, then, be up and doing,  
 With a heart for any fate !  
 Still achieving, still pursuing,  
 Learn to labor and to wait.

*Longfellow*

## 142

*Life's Work*

ALL around us, fair with flowers,  
 Fields of sleeping beauty lie ;  
 All around us clarion voices  
 Call to duty stern and high.

Thankfully we will rejoice in  
 All the beauty God has given ;  
 But beware it does not win us  
 From the work ordained of heaven.

Following every voice of mercy  
 With a trusting, loving heart,  
 Let us in life's earnest labor  
 Still be sure to do our part.

Now, to-day, and not to-morrow,  
 Let us work with all our might,  
 Lest the wretched faint and perish  
 In the coming stormy night.

Now, to-day, and not to-morrow,  
 Lest, before to-morrow's sun,  
 We, too, mournfully departing,  
 Shall have left our work undone.

*Allen*



## I43

*One by One*

ONE by one the sands are flowing,  
 One by one the moments fall :  
 Some are coming, some are going ;  
 Do not strive to grasp them all.

One by one thy duties wait thee ;  
 Let thy whole strength go to each ;  
 Let no future dreams elate thee ;  
 Learn thou first what these can teach.

One by one, bright gifts from heaven,  
 Joys are lent thee here below ;  
 Take them readily when given ;  
 Ready, too, to let them go.

One by one thy griefs shall meet thee ;  
 Do not fear an armèd band :  
 One will fade as others greet thee,—  
 Shadows passing through the land.

Every hour that fleets so slowly  
 Has its task to do or bear ;  
 Luminous the crown and holy,  
 If thou set each gem with care.

A. A. Procter

## I44

*Work*

Work ! it is thy highest mission.  
 Work ! all blessing centres there.  
 Work for culture, for the vision  
 Of the true and good and fair.

'Tis of knowledge the condition,  
 Opening still new fields beyond ;  
 'Tis of thought the full fruition ;  
 'Tis of love the perfect bond.

Work ! by labor comes th' unsealing  
 Of the thoughts that in thee burn ;  
 Comes in action the revealing  
 Of the truths thou hast to learn.

Work in helping, loving union  
 With thy brethren of mankind :  
 With the foremost hold communion,  
 Succor those who toil behind.

For true work can never perish,  
 And thy followers in the way  
 For thy works thy name shall cherish :  
 Work while it is called to-day !

F. M. White



# I45 *Step by Step*

Not so fearful, doubting pilgrim,  
 Though the darkness round thee  
 close,  
 Though the future glooms foreboding,  
 Threatening all thy soul's repose.

'Tis not in this life vouchsafed us  
 All our way to see before;  
 Clears the path as we go forward,  
 Step by step, and nothing more.

Noble ones have gone before thee:  
 Fear not, while thine eyes may greet,  
 Leading on, their faithful footprints;  
 In them strive to set thy feet.

Wait not for the noonday brightness:  
 Haste thee through the morning  
 gray;  
 Lo, the eastern glow before thee,  
 Broadening, brightening ray by ray!

Thus, the just one's day beginneth:  
 First, the streak of dawn is given;  
 Earth sees but the early morning,  
 Cloudless noon is found in heaven.

M. J. S.

# I46 *Call of the Age*

We are living, we are dwelling  
 In a grand and awful time:  
 In an age on ages telling,  
 To be living is sublime.

Will ye play, then, will ye dally  
 With your music and your wine?  
 Up! it is the Almighty's rally:  
 God's own arm hath need of thine.

On! let all the soul within you  
 For the Truth's sake go abroad  
 Strike! let every nerve and sinew  
 Tell on ages, tell for God.

A. C. Core



## 147

*He careth for us*

Yes, for me, for me He careth,  
 With a father's tender care;  
 Yes, with me, with me he shareth  
 Every burden, every fear.

Yes, o'er me, o'er me he watcheth,  
 Ceaseless watcheth, night and day;  
 Yes, e'en me, e'en me he snatcheth  
 From the perils of the way.

Yes, in me abroad he sheddeth  
 Joys unearthly, love and light;  
 And to cover me he spreadeth  
 His paternal wing of might.

Yes, in me, in me he dwelleth;  
 I in him, and he in me:  
 And my empty soul he filleth,  
 Here and through eternity.

*Bonar*

## 148

*Hope above Doubt*

WHEN the gladsome day declineth,  
 And around us falls the night,  
 Still down through the darkness shineth  
 Some fair star to tell of light.

Never is the dark so blinding  
 But outgleams some feeble ray,  
 Ever our despair reminding  
 That somewhere is brightest day.

Though we then, thro' shadow groping,  
 Stumble on, we still may know —  
 And our doubting change to hoping —  
 Only light can shadow throw.

So the night itself, that hideth  
 From our eyes the sunny sky,  
 Tells us that the light abideth,—  
 For the stars still shine on high.

*M. J. S.*



## 149

*The Age-long Battle*

Up the pathway of the ages,  
 From the dim land of the past,  
 Come the sounds of battle-shouting,  
 Armor-clang, and bugle-blast ;  
 For our human race has ever [cloud,  
 Marched through blood and under  
 Tearing swaddling-bands for Freedom  
 From the vanquished tyrant's shroud.

And to-day the wide-winged armies  
 Of the God who marshals all  
 Sweep the earth, and cross the spaces  
 Where the distant star-beams fall ;  
 For the order of this battle,  
 Waged for universal right,  
 Grasps an age-long, age-wide progress  
 Out of darkness up to light.

Standing here as this day's sentries,  
 Set to watch our little time,  
 Let us hear the past and future  
 Calling us to deeds sublime.

Children of heroic fathers,  
 We the future's sires must be ;  
 And the coming generations  
 Look to us to make them free.

Let us hold our lines not only,—  
 Hear the order to advance !  
 Grasp the shield of Faith not only,—  
 Lift on high Truth's flaming lance !  
 Fight for every hope that's human,  
 Fight to shatter every chain,  
 Fight till every man and woman  
 Owneth heart and soul and brain.

By the Ancient's long endeavor,  
 By the Honorable's fame,  
 By our race and by our country,  
 By each high and noble name,  
 By the God of hosts who leads us,  
 By the future's dawning light,  
 Swear to stand and swear to struggle  
 Till earth's might shall mean its right !

M. J. S.



150

*Divine Love*

LOVE divine, all love excelling,  
 Joy of heaven to earth come down,  
 Fix in us thy humble dwelling,  
 All thy faithful mercies crown.  
 Father, thou art all compassion;  
 Pure, unbounded love thou art:  
 Visit us with thy salvation,  
 Enter every longing heart.

Breathe, oh! breathe thy loving spirit  
 Into every troubled breast;  
 Let us all in thee inherit,  
 Let us find thy promised rest.  
 Come, almighty to deliver!  
 Let us all thy life receive;  
 Graciously come down, and never,  
 Never more thy temples leave.

*Wesley's Col.*

151

*Waiting for Death*

ONLY waiting till the shadows  
 Are a little longer grown;  
 Only waiting till the glimmer  
 Of the day's last beam is flown;  
 Till the light of earth is faded  
 From the heart once full of day;  
 Till the stars of heaven are breaking  
 Through the twilight soft and gray.

Only waiting till the shadows  
 Are a little longer grown;  
 Only waiting till the glimmer  
 Of the day's last beam is flown.  
 Then, from out the gathered darkness,  
 Holy, deathless stars shall rise,  
 By whose light my soul shall gladly  
 Tread its pathway to the skies.

*Frances L. Mace*

**I52** *The Word of the Lord abideth forever*

God of ages and of nations !  
 Every race and every time  
 Hath received thine inspirations,  
 Glimpses of thy truth sublime.  
 Ever spirits, in rapt vision,  
 Passed the heavenly veil within ;  
 Ever hearts, bowed in contrition,  
 Found salvation from their sin.

Reason's noble aspiration  
 Truth in growing clearness saw ;  
 Conscience spoke its condemnation,  
 Or proclaimed the Eternal Law.  
 While thine inward revelations  
 Told thy saints their prayers were  
     heard,  
 Prophets to the guilty nations  
 Spoke thine everlasting word.

Lord, that word abideth ever :  
 Revelation is not sealed,  
 Answering unto man's endeavor,  
 Truth and Right are still revealed.  
 That which came to ancient sages,—  
 Greek, Barbarian, Roman, Jew,—  
 Written in the heart's deep pages,  
 Shines to-day, forever new !

*Samuel Longfellow***I53***Christmas*

Now THE joyful Christmas morning,  
 Breaking o'er the world below,  
 Tells again the wondrous story  
 Of the Christ-child long ago.  
 Hark ! we hear again the chorus  
 Echoing through the starry sky ;  
 And we join the heavenly anthem,  
 "Glory be to God on high !"

Out of every clime and people,  
 Under every holy name,  
 Is the everlasting gospel  
 Good and glad for aye the same :  
 So we, in our happy Christmas,  
 Breathe the universal creed,  
 Clasp hands with distant ages  
 In a brotherhood indeed.

Sing aloud, then, hearts and voices !  
 Shout, O new world, free and strong !  
 Hail of Light the deathless triumph,  
 Join the old world's birthday song,—  
 "Glory be to God the highest !  
 Peace on earth, good will to men !"  
 'Twas the morning stars that pealed it,  
 Let the world respond again !

*Mrs. M. N. Meigs*





## 154

*A Creed*

I BELIEVE in Human Kindness  
 Large amid the sons of men,  
 Nobler far in willing blindness  
 Than in censure's keenest ken.  
 I believe in Self-Denial,  
 And its secret throb of joy;  
 In the Love that lives through trial,  
 Dying not, though death destroy.

I believe in dreams of Duty,  
 Warning us to self-control,—  
 Foregleams of the glorious beauty  
 That shall yet transform the soul;  
 I believe in Love renewing  
 All that sin [e'er sweeps] away,  
 Leaven-like its work pursuing  
 Night by night and day by day;

I believe in Love Eternal,  
 Fixed in God's unchanging will,  
 That, beneath the deep infernal,  
 Hath a depth that's deeper still  
 In its patience, its endurance  
 To forbear and to retrieve,  
 In the large and full assurance  
 Of its triumph,— I believe.

*"Good Words"*

## 155

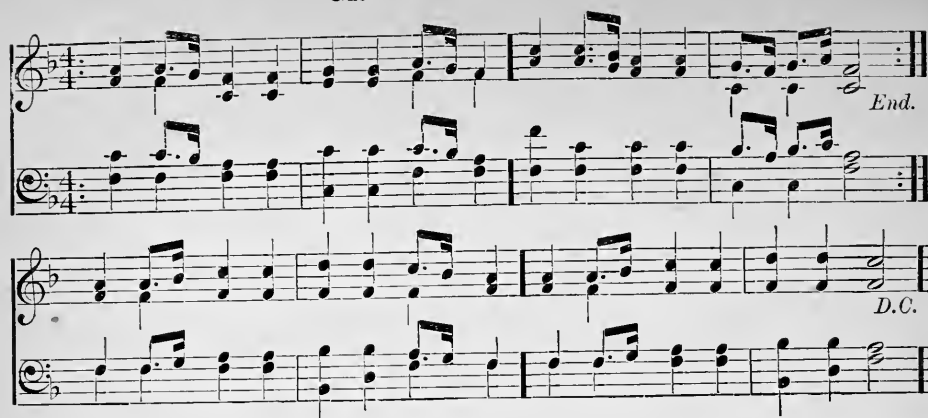
*A Purpose in Life.*

LIVE for something! be not idle;  
 Look about thee for employ;  
 Sit not down to useless dreaming,—  
 Labor is the sweetest joy.  
 Folded hands are ever weary,  
 Selfish hearts are never gay.  
 Life for thee hath many duties:  
 Active be, then, while you may.

Scatter blessings in your pathway,—  
 Gentle words and cheering smiles:  
 Better far than gold and silver  
 Are their grief-dispelling wiles.  
 As the pleasant sunshine falleth  
 Ever on the grateful earth,  
 So let sympathy and kindness  
 Gladden well the darkened hearth.

Hearts that are oppressed and weary,  
 Drop the tear of sympathy;  
 Whisper words of hope and comfort;  
 Give, and thy reward shall be  
 Joy unto thy soul returning  
 From this perfect fountain-head.  
 Freely, as thou freely givest,  
 Shall the grateful light be shed.

*Anon.*



## 156 *Coming of God's Kingdom*

How shall come thy kingdom holy,  
 In which all the earth is blest,  
 That shall lift on high the lowly,  
 And to weary souls give rest?  
 Not with trumpet call of legions  
 Bursting through the upper sky,  
 Waking earth through all its regions  
 With their heaven-descending cry:

Not with dash or sudden sally,  
 Swooping down with rushing wing;  
 But as, creeping up a valley,  
 Come the grasses in the spring:  
 First one blade and then another,  
 Still advancing are they seen,  
 Rank on rank, each by its brother,  
 Till each inch of ground is green.

Through the weary days of sowing,  
 Burning sun, and drenching shower,  
 Day by day, so slowly growing,  
 Comes the waited harvest hour.  
 So the kingdom cometh ever,  
 Though it seem so far away;  
 Each bright thought and true endeavor  
 Hastens on the blessed day.

M. J. S.

## 157 *Surrounding the Mercy Seat*

FAR from mortal cares retreating,  
 Sordid hopes and fond desires,  
 Here, our willing footsteps meeting,  
 Every heart to heaven aspires.  
 From the fount of glory beaming,  
 Light celestial cheers our eyes,  
 Mercy from above proclaiming  
 Peace and pardon from the skies.

Who may share this great salvation  
 Every pure and humble mind;  
 Every kindred, tongue, and nation  
 From the dross of guilt refined.  
 Blessings all around bestowing,  
 God withholds his care from none;  
 Grace and mercy ever flowing  
 From the fountain of his throne.

Every stain of guilt abhorring,  
 Firm and bold in virtue's cause;  
 Still thy providence adoring,  
 Faithful subjects to thy laws,—  
 Lord, with favor still attend us,  
 Bless us with thy wondrous love;  
 Thou, our sun and shield, defend us!  
 All our hope is from above.

J. Taylor



# 158 "The Lord is in his Holy Temple"

God is in his holy temple ;  
 Earthly thoughts, be silent now,  
 While with reverence we assemble  
 And before his presence bow.  
 He is with us now and ever,  
 When we call upon his name,  
 Aiding every good endeavor,  
 Guiding every upward aim.

God is in his holy temple,—  
 In the pure and holy mind,  
 In the reverent heart and simple,  
 In the soul from sense refined.  
 Then, let every low emotion  
 Banished far and silent be,  
 And our souls in pure devotion,  
 Lord, be temples worthy thee !

Anon

# 159 Battle

Dost thou hear the bugle sounding,  
 Calling thee to take the field ?  
 'Tis a battle all are waging :  
 Thou must fight or thou must yield.  
 'Tis the battle of the ages :  
 No man may the gage refuse.  
 Fight on one side or the other,  
 No man can decline to choose.

If from off the field thou fliest,  
 Even thus thou art a foe :  
 Who for truth no sword uplifteth  
 He for error strikes a blow.  
 He who bravely fights must conquer ;  
 None can e'er defeated be ;  
 For, to soldiers in God's battles,  
 Death itself is victory.

M. J. S.



## 160

*Love*

O LOVE, with thy sweet chains  
Bind both my hand and heart!  
Who knoweth not thy bonds  
In freedom hath no part.

'Tis such a bond that holds  
Each in its circling round  
The suns and golden stars,  
Without a jar or sound.

So bind the race of men  
In harmony and love,  
Till each his orbit fills  
Like those that shine above.

Loving our brother thus,  
O Father, it shall be  
Our love shall higher reach,  
And end in loving thee.

M. J. S.

## 161

*The Father of All*

UPON one land alone  
Has shone the holy light,  
And all the world beside  
Been left to walk in night?

Are only Christian men  
The children of the Lord,  
And have none others heard  
The true, life-giving word?

Is there one only name  
In all the tribes of earth,  
Through which the longing soul  
May find its higher birth?

Nay, every land is thine;  
All men thy children be;  
And every name of truth  
A star that leads to thee.

M. J. S.



**162** *Work, for the Night is Coming*

Work, for the night is coming;  
 Work through the morning hours;  
 Work while the dew is sparkling;  
 Work 'mid springing flowers;  
 Work when the day grows brighter;  
 Work in the glowing sun;  
 Work, for the night is coming,  
 When man's work is done.

Work, for the night is coming;  
 Work through the sunny noon;  
 Fill brightest hours with labor,  
 Rest comes sure and soon.

Give every flying minute  
 Something to keep in store;  
 Work, for the night is coming,  
 When man works no more.

Work, for the night is coming,  
 Under the sunset skies;  
 While their bright tints are glowing,  
 Work, for daylight flies.  
 Work till the last beam fadeth,  
 Fadeth to shine no more;  
 Work while the night is darkening,  
 When man's work is o'er.



## 163

*Worship*

WHEN, on some strain of music,  
 Our thoughts are wafted high;  
 When, touched with tender pity,  
 Kind tear-drops dim the eye;  
 When thrilled by scenes of grandeur  
 Or moved to deeds of love,  
 Do we not give thee worship,  
 O God in heaven above?

For thou art all life's beauty,  
 And thou art all its good;  
 By thy tides are we lifted  
 To every lofty mood.  
 Whatever good is in us,  
 Whatever good we see,  
 And every high endeavor,  
 Are they not all for thee?

Be it the organ's pealing,  
 Be it some mountain high,  
 Be it the swell of ocean,  
 Or calm of star-lit sky;

Be it the grace of childhood  
 Or look of human love,  
 All love of good is worship  
 That lifts toward God above.

M. J. S.

## 164

*Light for All*

THE light pours down from heaven,  
 And enters where it may;  
 The eyes of all earth's children  
 Are cheered with one bright day.  
 So let the mind's true sunshine  
 Be spread o'er earth as free,  
 And fill men's waiting spirits  
 As the waters fill the sea.

Then, let each human spirit  
 Enjoy the vision bright:  
 The Truth which comes from heaven  
 Shall spread like heaven's own light,  
 Till earth becomes God's temple,  
 And every human heart  
 Shall join in one great service,  
 Each happy in his part.

Anon

HE hides within the lily  
 A strong and tender Care,  
 That wins the earth-born atoms  
 To glory of the air;  
 He weaves the shining garments  
 Unceasingly and still,  
 Along the quiet waters,  
 In niches of the hill.

We linger at the vigil  
 With him who bent the knee  
 To watch the old-time lilies  
 In distant Galilee;  
 And still the worship deepens  
 And quickens into new,  
 As, brightening down the ages,  
 God's secret thrilleth through.

O Toiler of the lily,  
 Thy touch is in the man!  
 No leaf that dawns to petal  
 But hints the angel-plan:  
 The flower-horizons open,  
 The blossom vaster shows,  
 We hear thy wide worlds echo,—  
 "See how the lily grows!"

Shy yearnings of the savage  
 Unfolding, thought by thought,  
 To holy lives are lifted,  
 To visions fair are wrought:  
 The races rise and cluster,  
 And evils fade and fall,  
 Till chaos blooms to beauty,  
 Thy purpose crowning all!

W. C. Gannett

THE shadows fall so gently  
 Adown the evening sky,  
 And, one by one, so softly  
 The stars look out on high!

With quiet benediction,  
 That whispers, "All is best,"  
 The sky, like loving mother,  
 The tired earth soothes to rest.

And, through this outward quiet,  
 There comes an inward calm  
 That to the soul's distraction  
 Applies its healing balm.

The weary heart looks upward,  
 And sees God's stars at rest,  
 And hears his gentle whisper  
 Down falling, "All is best."

M. J. S.

GOOD-NIGHT, we say at parting,—  
 A night of rest and peace,  
 A night that from day's labor  
 Brings all a sweet release.

And when earth's night of shadow  
 For us has passed away,  
 May each, in heaven's long morning,  
 Greet all with glad Good-day!

M. J. S.



## 168

*Dedication of a Church*

O God, the stars of splendor  
 Are thine eternal throne;  
 What to thee can we render  
 That is not now thine own?  
 The earth, with all its wonder  
 Of stone and wood and gem,  
 All things the wide sky under,—  
 Thou hast created them.

Behold what we have builded,  
 A temple to thy praise!  
 But 'tis thy wealth has gilded  
 The walls thy power did raise.  
 Thine are its strength and beauty;  
 For in thy might it stands  
 To speak of love and duty,  
 Pure hearts and helping hands.

How shall we consecrate it,  
 And make it truly thine,  
 That naught may separate it  
 From all that is divine?  
 By seeking here forever  
 To find thy truth; and then,  
 By one life-long endeavor,  
 To help our fellow-men.

M. J. S.

## 169

*One Fold and One Shepherd*

Now is the time approaching,  
 By prophets long foretold,  
 When all shall dwell together,  
 One Shepherd and one fold.  
 Now, Jew and Gentile, meeting  
 From many a distant shore,  
 Around one altar kneeling,  
 One common Lord adore.

Let all that now divides us  
 Remove and pass away,  
 Like shadows of the morning  
 Before the blaze of day.  
 Let all that now unites us  
 More sweet and lasting prove,  
 A closer bond of union  
 In a blest land of love.

O long-expected dawning,  
 Come with thy cheering ray:  
 Then shall the morning brighten,  
 The shadows flee away!  
 O sweet anticipation!  
 It cheers the watchers on  
 To pray and hope and labor  
 Till the dark night be gone.

Jane Borthwick



God is my strong salvation;  
 What foe have I to fear?  
 In darkness and temptation,  
 My Light, my Help is near.  
 Though hosts encamp around me,  
 Firm in the fight I stand;  
 What terror can confound me  
 With God at my right hand?

Place on the Lord reliance;  
 My soul, with courage wait:  
 His truth be thine affianced  
 When faint and desolate.  
 His might thy heart shall strengthen,  
 His love thy joy increase;  
 Mercy thy days shall lengthen,—  
 The Lord will give thee peace.

*Montgomery*

O STAR of Truth, down shining  
 Through clouds of doubt and fear,  
 I ask but 'neath your guidance  
 My pathway may appear.  
 However long the journey,  
 How hard soe'er it be,  
 Though I be lone and weary,  
 Lead on, I'll follow thee!

I know thy blessed radiance  
 Can never lead astray,  
 However ancient custom  
 May tread some other way.  
 E'en if through untrod deserts,  
 Or over trackless sea,  
 Though I be lone and weary,  
 Lead on, I'll follow thee!

The bleeding feet of martyrs  
 Thy toilsome road have trod;  
 But fires of human passion  
 May light the way to God.  
 Then, though my feet should falter,  
 While I thy beams can see,  
 Though I be lone and weary,  
 Lead on, I'll follow thee!

Though loving friends forsake me,  
 Or plead with me in tears;  
 Though angry foes may threaten,  
 To shake my soul with fears;  
 Still to my high allegiance  
 I must not faithless be:  
 Through life or death, forever  
 Lead on, I'll follow thee!

M. J. S.

MISFORTUNE's hand hangs o'er me,  
 My load of grief is great;  
 The path is rough before me,—  
 Be patient, trust and wait.

The night is dark above me,  
 Dawn breaks not, though 'tis late;  
 No heart awakes to love me,—  
 Be patient, trust and wait.

Whatever ill betide thee,  
 Though hopeless seem thy fate,  
 In high faith still abide thee,—  
 Be patient, trust and wait.

What though the clouds be o'er thee,  
 Nor storms their force abate?  
 His love still goes before thee,—  
 Be patient, trust and wait.

M. J. S.



## 173

*Rise, my Soul*

RISE, my soul, and stretch thy wings,  
 Thy better portion trace;  
 Rise from transitory things  
 Toward heaven, thy native place.  
 Sun and moon and stars decay,  
 Time shall soon this earth remove:  
 Rise, my soul, and haste away  
 To seats prepared above.

Rivers to the ocean run,  
 Nor stay in all their course;  
 Fire ascending seeks the sun,—  
 Both speed them to their source:  
 So a soul that's born of God  
 Pants to view his glorious face,  
 Upward tends to his abode,  
 To rest in his embrace.

*Rippon's Coll.*

## 174

*Quiet Religion*

OPEN, Lord, my inward ear,  
 And bid my heart rejoice;  
 Bid my quiet spirit hear  
 The comfort of thy voice.  
 Never in the whirlwind found,  
 Or where earthquakes rock the place.  
 Still and silent is the sound,  
 The whisper of thy grace.

From the world of sin and noise  
 And hurry I withdraw;  
 For the small and inward voice  
 I wait with humble awe:  
 Silent I am now and still,  
 Dare not in thy presence move;  
 To my waiting soul reveal  
 The secret of thy love.

*Charles Wesley*



## I75

*Jerusalem the Golden*

JERUSALEM the golden,  
 With milk and honey blest!  
 Beneath thy contemplation  
 Sink heart and voice opprest.  
 I know not, oh, I know not  
 What joys await us there,  
 What radiancy of glory,  
 What bliss beyond compare!

They stand, those halls of Zion,  
 All jubilant with song,  
 And bright with many an angel  
 And all the martyr throng.  
 There is the throne of glory;  
 And there, from care released,  
 The shout of them that triumph,  
 The song of them that feast.

And they who, strong and faithful,  
 Have conquered in the fight,  
 Forever and forever  
 Are clad in robes of white.  
 O land that sees no sorrow!  
 O state that fears no strife!  
 O royal land of flowers!  
 O realm and home of life!

*Bernard of Cluny.  
 Tr. John Mason Neale*

## I76

*Ever with Me*

THOU'RT with me, O my Father,  
 At early dawn of day:  
 It is thy glory brighteneth  
 The upward streaming ray.  
 It calls me by its beauty  
 To rise and worship thee:  
 I feel thy glorious presence,  
 Thy face I may not see.

Thou'rt with me, O my Father,  
 In changing scenes of life,  
 In loneliness of spirit,  
 In weariness of strife;  
 My sufferings, my comforts,  
 Alternate at thy will:  
 I trust thee, O my Father,—  
 I trust thee, and am still.

Thou'rt with me, O my Father,  
 In evening's darkening gloom:  
 When earth in night is shrouded,  
 Thy presence fills my room.  
 The trembling stars bring tidings  
 Of kindness from above:  
 I love thee, O my Father,  
 And feel that thou art love.  
*Jane Euphemia Saxby*



**I77**

*Nearer, my God, to Thee*

NEARER, my God, to thee,

Nearer to thee:

Even though it be a cross

That raiseth me,

Still all my song shall be,

||: Nearer, my God, to thee, :||

Nearer to thee.

Though like a wanderer,

Daylight all gone,

Darkness be over me,

My rest a stone,

Yet in my dreams I'd be

||: Nearer, my God, to thee, :||

Nearer to thee.

There let the way appear

Steps up to heaven;

All that thou sendest me

In mercy given;

Angels to beckon me

||: Nearer, my God, to thee, :||

Nearer to thee.

Then with my waking thoughts,

Bright with thy praise,

Out of my stony griefs

Bethel I'll raise:

So by my woes to be

||: Nearer, my God, to thee :||

Nearer to thee.

Or if on joyful wing,

Cleaving the sky,

Sun, moon, and stars forgot,

Upward I fly,—

Still all my song shall be,

||: Nearer, my God, to thee, :||

Nearer to thee.

*S. F. Adams*



## I78

*National Hymn*

My country, 'tis of thee,  
 Sweet land of liberty,—  
 Of thee I sing:  
 Land where my fathers died,  
 Land of the pilgrim's pride,  
 From every mountain side  
 Let freedom ring!

My native country, thee,—  
 Land of the noble free,—  
 Thy name I love:  
 I love thy rocks and rills,  
 Thy woods and templed hills;  
 My heart with rapture thrills  
 Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze,  
 And ring from all the trees  
 Sweet freedom's song!  
 Let mortal tongues awake;  
 Let all that breathe partake;  
 Let rocks their silence break,—  
 The sound prolong!

Our fathers' God, to thee,  
 Author of liberty,—  
 To thee we sing:  
 Long may our land be bright  
 With freedom's holy light;  
 Protect us by thy might,  
 Great God, our King!

*S. F. Smith*

## I79

*"God save the State"*

God bless our native land!  
 Firm may she ever stand  
 Through storm and night!  
 When the wild tempests rave,  
 Ruler of winds and wave,  
 Do thou our country save  
 By thy great might.

For her our prayer shall rise  
 To God, above the skies;  
 On him we wait:  
 Thou who art ever nigh,  
 Guarding with watchful eye,  
 To thee aloud we cry,  
 God save the State!

*J. S. Dwight*



180

*Rest*

LIKE travellers that stray  
Through countries far away,  
But long for home ;  
Like birds that seek their nest,  
Like child to mother's breast,  
Weary for peace and rest,  
To thee we come.

From our too anxious thought,  
From all our hands have wrought,  
From truth's long quest ;  
From danger's wild alarms,  
From evil's fatal charms,  
To thine embracing arms,  
We fly for rest.

As ships their anchors cast  
When all the storms are past,  
Their troubles o'er ;  
Whatever may betide,  
Here, sheltered by thy side,  
In safety we'll abide  
Forever more !

181

*Prayer*

HERE on this little world,  
Through cloud and sunshine whirled  
Athwart the sky,  
We look out on the light,  
We look up through the night,  
And wonder if God's might  
May hear our cry.

Is all a heartless void,  
Worlds made and worlds destroyed,  
With none to care ?  
Or somewhere in the deep  
Is One who does not sleep,  
But wakes to watch and keep,  
And note our prayer ?

We trust no joy or pain  
Is ever felt in vain,—  
That not one cry  
Dies on the empty air ;  
No human heart's despair  
Shall miss the loving care  
That rules on high.



## 182

*The Undying Things*

KIND words can never die,  
 Cherished and blest :  
 God knows how deep they lie  
 Stored in the breast.  
 Like childhood's simple rhymes,  
 Said o'er a thousand times,  
 And in all years and climes,  
 They cannot die.

Sweet thoughts can never die,  
 Though, like the flowers,  
 Their brightest hues may fly  
 In wintry hours ;  
 But, when the gentle dew  
 Gives them their charms anew,  
 With many an added hue  
 They bloom again.

Childhood can never die :

Thoughts of the past  
 Float in the memory,  
 Bright to the last.  
 Many a happy thing,  
 Many a sunny spring,  
 Come on time's ceaseless wing  
 Back to the heart.

The soul can never die,  
 Though in the tomb  
 Our mortal bodies lie,  
 Wrapt in its gloom.  
 What though the flesh decay ?  
 The soul will pass away,  
 And live in endless day  
 With God above.



183

*God our Shepherd*

THE Lord is my Shepherd, no want shall  
I know:

I feed in green pastures, safe folded I  
rest;

He leadeth my soul where the still  
waters flow,

Restores me when wandering, redeems  
when oppressed.

Through the valley and shadow of  
death though I stray,  
Since thou art my guardian, no evil I  
fear:

Thy rod shall defend me, thy staff be  
my stay;

No harm can befall, with my comforter  
near.

In the midst of affliction, my table is  
spread;

With blessings unmeasured my cup run-  
neth o'er;

With perfume and oil thou anointest  
my head:

Oh! what shall I ask of thy providence  
more?

Let goodness and mercy, my bountiful  
God,

Still follow my steps till I meet thee  
above:

I seek by the path which my forefathers  
trod

Through the land of their sojourn, thy  
kingdom of love.

*Montgomery*





## 184

*For Divine Strength*

FATHER, in thy mysterious presence  
 kneeling,  
 Fain would our souls feel all thy  
 kindling love; [revealing  
 For we are weak, and need some deep  
 Of trust and strength and calmness  
 from above.

Lord, we have wandered forth through  
 doubt and sorrow,  
 And thou hast made each step an  
 onward one; [morrow,—  
 And we will ever trust each unknown  
 Thou wilt sustain us till its work is  
 done.

In the heart's depths, a peace serene and  
 holy  
 Abides; and when pain seems to have  
 its will, [slowly,  
 Or we despair, oh, may that peace rise  
 Stronger than agony, and we be still!

Now, Father, now, in thy dear presence  
 kneeling, [love;  
 Our spirits yearn to feel thy kindling  
 Now make us strong: we need thy deep  
 revealing [from above.  
 Of trust and strength and calmness

*S. Johnson*

## 185 “Who by searching can find out God”

I CANNOT find thee. Still on restless  
 pinion  
 My spirit beats the void where thou  
 dost dwell;  
 I wander lost through all thy vast do-  
 minion,  
 And shrink beneath thy light ineffable.

I cannot find thee. Even when, most  
 adoring, [prayer,  
 Before thy shrine I bend in lowliest  
 Beyond these bounds of thought, my  
 thought upsoaring  
 From furthest quest comes back:  
 thou art not there.

Yet high above the limits of my seeing,  
 And folded far within the inmost  
 heart, [being,  
 And deep below the deeps of conscious  
 Thy splendor shineth: there, O God,  
 thou art.

I cannot lose thee. Still in thee abiding,  
 The end is clear, how wide soe'er I  
 roam; [is guiding,  
 The law that holds the worlds my steps  
 And I must rest at last in thee, my  
 home.

*Eliza Scudder*

*Maestoso.*
*BASS Solo.*  
*ad lib. mf*

The Lord is in His ho - ly tem - ple! Let all the earth . . keep si-lence!

*p SOPRANO.*
*ALTO.*

The Lord is in His ho - ly tem - ple! Let all the earth, . the earth keep silence!

*p TENOR.*
*BASS.*

The Lord is in His ho - ly tem - ple, Let all the earth . . keep

si - lence be - fore him! A - - men! A - men! A - - - - men!



1 Comrades, hark! the air a-bout us, Emp-ty as it all ap-pears, Thrills and pul-ses with the e-choes Of the long de-part-ed years. There are foot-steps all a-round us; Long the an-cient drum-beat rolls; Voi-ces call from out the con-flict Of the "times that tried men's souls."

2 We are athletes in th' arena:  
 Round us rising, tier on tier,  
 Shadowy legions of the Fathers,  
 "Clouds of witnesses," appear.  
 And they cheer the vigorous onset  
 With a proud and glad acclaim,  
 But for him who shirks his duty  
 Tears have they of wrath and shame.

3 Listen! for the deathless voices  
 Of that Century-distant day  
 Shape themselves to one clear echo,  
 Ringing out above the fray,—  
 "Sons, be worthy of the Fathers!  
 They were men who dared to stake  
 Life and fortune and fair honor  
 For their periled freedom's sake.

4 "Dare be loyal unto duty;  
 Barter not your soul for gain;  
 Trade not principle for party;  
 Seek the highest truth t'attain.  
 While to truth you are but faithful  
 Shun not e'en alone to stand;  
 One, with God, shall still be victor,  
 And th' Omnipotent command.

5 "When you've fought the human battle,  
 Given to every one his right,—  
 There shall come an end of struggle,  
 And the darkness shall be light.  
 Clang of arms, and strife of brothers,  
 And the flow of blood shall cease;  
 Swords be beaten into plow-shares,  
 And the weary earth have peace."

## EASTER SONG.

SOLO &amp; QUARTET.

(By permission of White, Smith &amp; Co.)

Written by M. J. SAVAGE.

Music by HOWARD M. DOW.

*Allegretto.*

*p*

*p Soprano Solo.*

1. In the hor - ror of the darkness of the old pri - me - val night, Men

*p*

*Ped.*

crouched in caves and shadows, trembling praying for the light: And they shouted in their gladness when the

EASTER SONG.

*f* *mf*

Sun rose warm and bright, And day came marching on! In the long and dreary winters when the

*f* *mf*

*Sva.....*  
*Ped.*

earth was cold and dead, When the ice was in the valleys, and the wild sky overhead. How the

*f* *Quartet 1st verse.*

freezing people shouted when the cru - el winter fled, And Spring came marching on !

*f* *Sva.....*

QUARTETTE.

EASTER SONG.

*f Soprano.*

1. Hail with Joy the blessed Spring-time! Hail with Joy the blessed Spring-time!

*f Alto.*

2. Hope shall triumph o-ver doubt-ing! Hope shall triumph o-ver doubt-ing!

*f Tenor.*

3. Day shall reign o'er night forev-er! Life shall conquer death forev-er!

*f Bass.*

*f*

Hail with Joy the bless-ed Spring - time! When win - ter flees a-way.

Hope shall tri-umph o - ver doubt - ing! And clouds shall drift a-way.

Joy shall ban - ish grief for-ev - - er! And God shall rule for aye!

# EASTER SONG.

*Tenor Solo.*

2. Birth of day and birth of spring-time! Dawning light and opening flow'rs! Right

*Ped.*

well has mankind worshipped Easter, best of heavenly Pow'rs! Of light and life the symbol, vanquished

death and happy hours, While Spring is marching on! So when their hearts were heavy with the

*f* *p*

*f* *p*

*Sva.....*  
*Ped.*

EASTER SONG.

*f* *mf*

tho'ts of death and doom, In that old wondrous story of the rock-hewn, empty tomb, Men

*f* *(Quartet 2nd verse.)*

read the mighty triumph o-ver death of life and bloom, And hope went march-ing on !

*f*

*Sva... Ped.*

*Soprano Solo.* *p*

3. Whether fact, or whether fai-ry-tale, the hu-man heart that grieves O-ver

*p*



EASTER SONG.

*mf*

dear ones that departed with the fall-ing of the leaves; So long as love remaineth sweet, so

*mf*

*f* *mf*

long it still believes That life is marching on! So hail thee, blessed Easter! Sign of

*f* *mf*

*Sva.*  
*Ped.*

*f* *mf*

im-mor-tal - i - ty! Night fears thee, winter flees thee, and death himself shall die, While

*f*

## EASTER SONG.

(Quartet 3rd. verse.)

light, and life, and happi-ness, shall follow thee on high, As thou art march-ing on !

*f*

*f*

*Sca.....*  
*Ped.*

189

## CHRISTMAS CAROL.

Words by M. J. SAVAGE.

Music by HOWARD M. DOW.

*Allegretto.*

## SOLO.

1. In the old time, runs the sto-ry, There was once . . a won-drous
2. Since that day the chil-dren's voi-ces Have caught up . . the glad re-
3. Each new child's a new Mes-si-ah, Wheth-er cot . . or pal-ace

CHRISTMAS CAROL

night, When from out the un - seen glo - ry Burst a song of glad de -  
frain; And to - night the heart re - joic - es That the hour comes round a -  
born, Lead - ing on the race still high - er Toward the glad redemp - tion

light: It was when the stars were gleaming, Shepherds watched their flocks, and  
gain; And the chil - dren are our an - gels; With one loud acclain they  
morn; Each new child's a word new spoken, God to earth come down a -

then In their wak - ing or their dreaming, Angels sang, "Good-will to men."!  
cry, Answering back the glad e - van - gel's "Glory be to God on high."!  
gain With his prom - ise nev - er bro - ken, "Peace on earth, good-will to men."!

CHRISTMAS CAROL.

**CHORUS.**  
*Soprano.*



Mer-ry Christmas! Mer-ry Christmas! Let us make the heavens ring! Ech-o

*Contralto.*

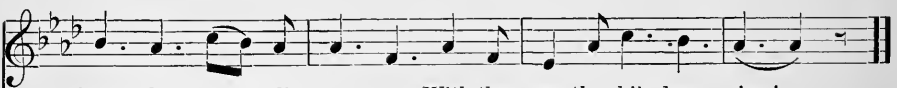
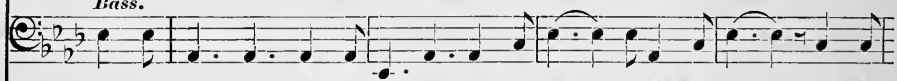


*Tenor.*



Mer-ry Christmas! Mer-ry Christmas! Let us make the heavens ring! Ech-o

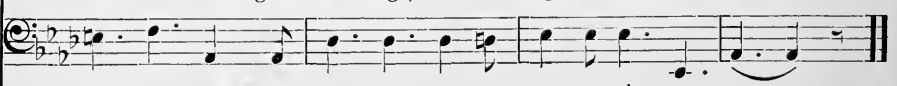
*Bass.*



back the an - gel's mes-sage, With the songs the chil-dren sing! . . . .

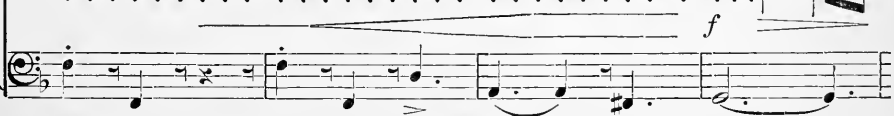


back the an - gel's mes-sage, With the songs the chil-dren sing! . . . .



Words by M. J. SAVAGE.

Music by HOWARD M. DOW.

**B $\flat$  CORNET.**  
*Andantino.* \***TRUMPET, Sw. Org.***Andantino.**p*  
*Choir Org. Flute and Dulciana.**Ped. Org.*

\*The Solo may be played either by Cornet or Swell Trumpet as desired.

CHRISTMAS SONG.

The first system of the musical score consists of two staves. The upper staff is a vocal melody in G major, starting on a G4 and moving through various intervals, including eighth and sixteenth notes. The lower staff is a piano accompaniment, featuring a steady eighth-note bass line and chords in the right hand. A crescendo hairpin is placed over the piano part, and the lyrics "cres - - - cen - - -" are written below the staff.

The second system continues the musical piece. The vocal melody in the upper staff continues with similar rhythmic patterns. The piano accompaniment in the lower staff maintains the eighth-note bass line and chordal accompaniment. A crescendo hairpin is also present over the piano part, with the lyrics "cres - - - cen - - -" written below.

The third system of the score shows the vocal melody continuing. The piano accompaniment remains consistent with the previous systems. The lyrics "do. f" are written below the vocal staff, indicating a dynamic change to forte.

The fourth system concludes the page. The vocal melody and piano accompaniment continue. The lyrics "do. f" are written below the vocal staff, indicating a dynamic change to forte.

CHRISTMAS SONG.

*ritard.* *ff* *dimin.*

*ritard.*

*ritard.* *ff* *dimin.* *p* *pp*

*Cornet obligato.*  
*Andantino.*

*p*

*Soprano Solo.* *mf*

1. Born at last! the great Messi - ah Bringeth in the bet-ter  
3. The op-press - or rides in tri - umph, And the weak are in the

*Organ,* *mf*

*Manuals. Ped. ad lib.*

CHRISTMAS SONG.

day. Peace on earth, good will from heaven. Lo! the star that leads the  
dust. Shall the e - - vil always prosper? Is it vain the hope we

*a tempo.*

way! So runs on the ancient sto - ry Of the shepherds, that strange  
trust? Peace comes not, but ev - er strug - gle, Man his broth - er fighteth

*a tempo.*



CHRISTMAS SONG.

night, How they heard the quir-ing an - - gels. And be-  
still, In the yet far dis - tant fu - - ture Lies the

*ritard. ff colla voce.*

held the wondrous light. And be-held the won-drous light.  
bright land of good will. Lies the bright land of good will.

*ritard. colla voce.*

CHRISTMAS SONG.

QUARTET.

*Soprano.*

*Alto.*

2. But the wea - ry world still waiteth, And the prom - ise long de - lays ; Still the

*Tenor.*

*Bass.*

*Organ, ad lib.*

hope - star lead - eth on - ward O - ver dark and drea - ry ways. Oft the

CHRISTMAS SONG.

Star it-self shines dimly, From a sky, that clouds obscure: And the heavens lose their

*p* *con duolo.*

pi - - ty For the cry - - ing of the poor, For the crying of the poor.

*p* *ritard.*

*Soprano solo D.S.  
(3d Verse.)*

CHRISTMAS SONG.

**TUTTI.**  
Cornet.

*mf*

*Soprano, Alto, and Tenor in unison.*  
*NB. The Altos to sing one octave below.*

*mf*

4. But though long

de-layed, it com - eth. Heav'n is

*Bass.*

*mf*

*Gr. Organ.*

*mf*

*Manual.*

*Ped.*  
*Coupled to Gr. Org.*

not

born in a night.

Through the trav - ail of the

CHRISTMAS SONG.

The musical score is arranged in two systems. Each system contains a vocal line (treble and bass staves) and a piano accompaniment (grand staff). The vocal line includes lyrics and dynamic markings (*f*, *mf*, *ritard.*, *a tempo.*). The piano accompaniment features a rhythmic pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand.

**System 1:**

- Vocal line: *f* *ritard.* *a tempo.* *mf*
- Lyrics: a - - ges Comes to birth the perfect right. Nev - er
- Piano line: *f* *ritard.* *a tempo.* *mf*

**System 2:**

- Vocal line: done, but al - ways grow - ing, God un - folds his mighty
- Piano line: *f* *ritard.* *mf*

CHRISTMAS SONG.

*f* *cres* - - *cen* - - *do*.

*f* plan. Hark! the far - - - off fu - ture shout - eth "Peace on

*f* *cres* - - *cen* - - *do*.

*f* *cres* - - *cen* - - *do*.

*ff* *ritard.*

earth, good will to man!" "Peace on earth, good will to man!"

*ff* *ritard.*

*ff* *ritard.*

Written by M. J. SAVAGE.

Music by HOWARD M. DOW.

1. Let the heavens break forth in sing-ing! Stars, that saw the bright earth born,  
2. Earth, so long the home of sor-row, Sweeping on thro' clouds and night,

Her - ald forth the sun that's bringing To the world its glad-dest morn!  
Hail with loud ac - claim the morrow! For it brings a fair-er light.

Heav'n-ly glo - ry, heav'n-ly beau-ty, Crown the earth this Christmas morn.  
Bright the present, bright the fut - ure Glow beneath this Christmas morn.

3 Angels that excel in glory,  
Elder brothers of the sky,  
Help us sing the lofty story  
Of divine humanity.  
"God is with us, God is with us,"  
Speaks this blessed Christmas morn.

4 Heaven and earth, and men and Angels,  
Lift one voice in glad acclaim,  
And on high o'er all Evangels,  
Shout aloud the Christmas name!  
Earth and Heaven, Earth and Heaven,  
Are at one this Christmas morn.

Words by M. J. SAVAGE.

Music by HOWARD M. DOW.

*p Soto**p*

1. O shep-herds, shepherds, did you hear From ont the night-sky ring - ing, Be-  
2. O chil - dren, we can nev - er tell Were we a - wake or dreaming; There  
3. O shep-herds! chil-dren! in your souls, If you will on - ly hear it, The

*Allegretto moderato.*

CHRISTMAS CAROL.

*mf*

neath the stars, or far, or near, The sound of voi-ces sing - ing? And  
was on us a ho - ly spell, Our hearts from fear re-deem - ing. But  
an - gel's song for - ev - er rolls, The mu - sic of your spir - it. Care

*mf*

did you see the an - gels nigh, Or just as they were go - ing, Catch  
wheth - er in our hearts the song, Or in the air a - bove us, Its  
not to hear with out-ward ear, Be false to du - ty nev - er; The

glimps - es of them in the sky, Them by their brightness know - ing?  
ho - ly notes will ech - o long, And teach that God doth love us.  
in - ward song you'll al-ways hear, "Good - will to men for - ev - er."



CHRISTMAS CAROL.

**QUARTET.**

*f* **Soprano.**

1. For could we once but see them near, Or know that they were by us, We

**Contralto.**

2. Be sure that God is ev - er near, He is for - ev - er by you; Do

*f* **Tenor.**

3. Yes! be you sure He's ev - er near, God is for - ev - er by you; Do

**Bass.**

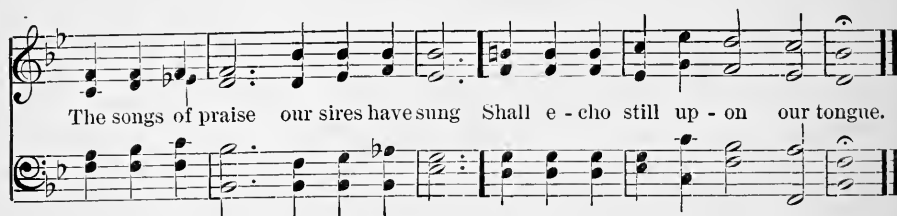
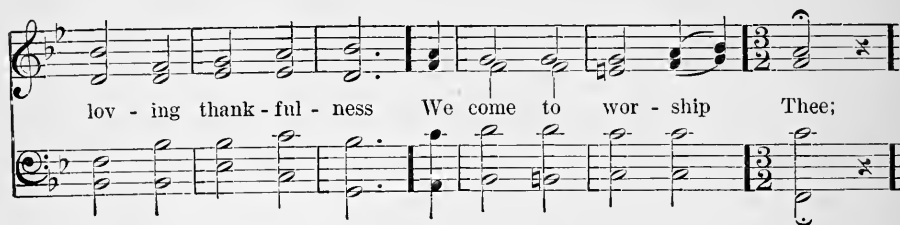
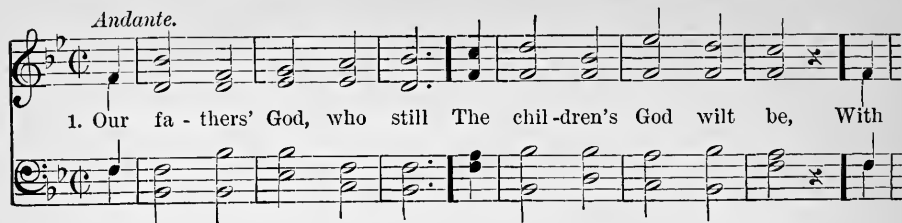
then should nev - er know a fear, And sor - row,—it would fly us.

right— and nev - er know a fear, And sor - row,—it will fly you.

right— and you will know no fear, And sor - row,—it will fly you.

Words by M. J. SAVAGE.

Music by HOWARD M. DOW.

*Andante.*

2

A hundred years ago  
They saw in vision bright  
A nation that should know,  
And knowing, do the right;  
Where all the people should be free  
To rule themselves and worship Thee.

3

They spared nor blood nor tears  
To make the vision true.  
May we in coming years  
Their glorious work renew!  
And thus the dream shall grow to be  
A fair, world-wide reality.

4

And when our hands have raised  
This temple of the free,  
In it shalt Thon be praised,  
And Thine the glory be:  
For Thine the thought, and Thine the might  
That lift the ages into light.

# 194

## PRAYER FOR PEACE.

Words by M. J. SAVAGE.

Music adapted from MORNINGTON.

*Adagio.*

*p*

*crescendo.*

1. { When the bur - dens on . . . us press, } Then, O  
 { Of . . the sad . . world's wea - . . . ri - ness, }

*f* *mf* *Ending.*  
 Lord, May Thy peace our long - - ing bless. A - men!

2

When the sun withdraws its light,  
 And our day is quenched in night,  
 Then, O Lord,  
 May the stars of hope be bright.

3

When on life's tempestuous sea,  
 Our frail bark drifts hopelessly,  
 Then, O Lord,  
 Wilt Thou our safe harbor be?

# 195

## THE AMERICAN SONG.

Words by M. J. SAVAGE.

Music by V. CIRILLO.

*Allegro marziale.*

*pp* *p* *f* *cres.*  
*ff* *ff* *ff*

THE AMERICAN SONG.

**SOLO.**

*Allegro marziale.*

*espressivo.*

1. What
2. From the

*Allegro marziale.*

*rall.*

*sf*

*p*

song shall A-mer - i - ca sing,  
dark low - lands of the past,

Young heir of the el - der  
Swelling loud o'er the vic - tim's

world,  
cries,

Whose knee ne'er bent to a ty - rant king, Whose  
The he - ro's shout sweeps up the blast! Where

THE AMERICAN SONG.

ban - ner de - feat ne'er furled? A song for the brave and the  
wound - ed free - dom dies. The drum's dull beat and the

free! No ech - o of ancient rhyme; But a shout of  
trumpet's blare From the far - off years are heard; But the pean of

hope for the day to be, The light of the com - ing  
kings is mans des - pair And the hope of the world de -

THE AMERICAN SONG.

CHORUS.

Soprano.

Marziale. *p*

Alto.

A song for the brave and the free!  
The drum's dull beat and the trum-pet's blare From the

No

Tenor.

Bass.

time!  
ferred.

A song for the brave and the  
The drum's dull beat, and the

ech - - o of ancient rhyme;  
far - off years are heard;

But a shout  
But the pean of

free! No ech - - o of ancient rhyme;  
trum-pet's blare, From the far - off years are heard;

But a  
But the

# THE AMERICAN SONG.

hope for the day to be, The light of the coming  
kings is man's des - pair And the hope of the world de-

shout of hope for the day to be, The light of the com-ing  
pean of kings is man's des - pair And the hope of the world de-

time! The light hope of the com - - ing de - - - time.  
ferred, The hope of the world de - - - ferred.

3 'Tis the song of the free we sing!  
Of a good time not yet born,  
Where each man of himself is King;  
Of a day whose glad some morn  
Shall see the earth beneath our feet  
And a fair sky overhead;  
When those now sad shall find life sweet,  
And none shall hunger for bread.  
CHO.—Shall see the earth, etc.

4 Sing then our American Song!  
'Tis no boast of triumphs won  
At the price of another's wrong,  
Or of foul deeds foully done,  
We fight for the wide world's right,  
To enlarge life's scope and plan,  
To flood the earth with hope and light,  
To build the kingdom of man!  
CHO.—We fight for the etc.

